1004a

Aylett, R.

THE BRIDES ORNAMENTS,

Viz.

Fiue MEDITATIONS,

Morall and Diuine.

1. *Knowledge*, 2. *Zeale*, 3. *Temperance*, 4. *Bountie*, 5. *Ioy*.

IOHN 17. 3.

This is life eternall, that they may know thee the onely true God, and Iesus Christ whom thou hast sent.

LONDON,
Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY.
1625.

THE CONTENTS of the whole Booke.

The third Booke.

1. *Knowledge.*
2. *Zeale.*
3. *Temperance.*
4. *Bountie.*
5. *Ioy.*

The fourth Booke.

1. *Prudence.*
2. *Obedience.*
3. *Meekneſſe.*
4. *Gods Word.*
5. *Prayer.*

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1. *VRania.*
2. *The Authors vow or wiſh, at the Conſecration of the Right Honourable the Lord* Maynards *Chappell.*
3. *The Muſes health to the ſame.*
4. *The Conuerts Conqueſt.*

TO
THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE AND REVEREND FATHER IN GOD, GEORGE, LORD

Bishop of *London*, Lord high ALMENER to the Kings most Excellent MAIESTIE.

TO *me* thy *Fauour*, to *thee* my Relation
Doe tie *mee* in a double Obligation:
These *Graces fiue* to *thee* to dedicate,
Which best I think thy worth accommodate;
Who art the bounteous *Almener* of the King
Of *Bounty*; whose great wisdome did *thee* bring
For thy *large spirit*, and well tempred *zeale*
His *Temples* broken *head* and *sides* to heale:
Whose loue to *Knowledge* Humane & Diuine,
As in the *Schooles*, so in the *Church* doth shine.
These outward *Vertues*: plainly doe declare,
What inward *Graces* in *thee* likewise are:
The chiefe is *spirituall Ioy*; which in thy Breast,
God make *thee* feele, as wee doe see the rest.

Your Lordships bounden
in all dutie and seruice,

ROBERT AYLETT.

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Aylett, R.

To Reuerend Diuines.

Most honor'd & belou'd! Enquire you why
A Lawyer *meddles with* Diuinitie?
I diue no ſeas profound *of diſputation,*
But wade in ſhallow Fords *of* meditation:
I write no Syſtema, *no* Inſtitution
No Babels Fall, *nor* Sions Reſtitution:
Nor whither Tithes *by* Law diuine *are due,*
Or doe to you *by* Poſitiue *accrew*:
Theſe myſteries *I leaue to* ſound Diuines,
That ſearched haue profundeſt Scripture-mines.
Seditious ſuperſtitious Nouelties
I hate; *my mind I onely exerciſe*
In your pure, eaſie, ſweet, diuineſt notions,
And them, at leaſure, *ſuit to my* deuotions.

To Iohn a Nokes.

THou lik'ſt my Verſes well, but not to flatter,
Diſlik'ſt *Diuinitie* ſhould be my *matter.*
What now? will *Lawiers* turne *Diuines?* thats braue.
No: By no meanes! They haue no ſoules to ſaue.

THE

THE BRIDES ORNAMENTS.

MEDITAT. I.

Of Heauenly KNOWLEDGE.

A Daily *warfare* is a *Chriſtians life*,
Where *Souldiers* all, not onely ſtand in need
Of *Armes* and *Valour* (to maintaine the ſtrife
The curſed *Serpent* makes with *Adams* ſeed)
But of this *Treaſure*, *Knowledge*, both to feed
Their *Soules* with *food* moſt pure Celeſtiall,
And furniſh with ſuch *Weapons* as they need;
I therefore her *Loues Treaſurer* doe call,
For we in daily want ſtand of her *Treaſure* all.

By feigned *Treaſure*; did the *Serpent* traine
Our two firſt Parents to their curſed ſinne;
Pretending they ſhould goodly *treaſure* gaine,
And *Knowledge*, both of *good* and *euill*, win:
But *good* doth end, where *euill* doth begin;
For droſſe they doe exchange their pureſt gold.
The *Serpent* bad without, themſelues within
They find the euill, as the *Serpent* told:
But vp to Heav'n flies *good*, which can no *ill* behold.

Thus all our *Treaſures* loſt we had before,
The *Knowledge* of *Gods nature* and his *will*,
And we become vnarm'd, rude, naked, poore;
Of all things ignorant, but doing ill:
Now vs our enemies may eaſily kill,
We hauing loſt our *weapons* and our *treaſure*:
Which *wealth* and *weapons* if regaine we will,
We muſt attend this heau'nly *Ladys* pleaſure;
Diuine ſweet *Knowledge* not confin'd by weight or meaſure.

Aylett, R.
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Thou *Word incarnate*! whom aright to know
Is Life eternall, Ioy and happy reſt,
To mee this *Ladies* wondrous Beautie ſhow,
And richeſt *treaſures*, which in *golden Cheſt*.
Thou hid'ſt from *Hell* and malice of the *Beaſt*;
Knowledge, contain'd in either Teſtament:
Wherein thy Will and Nature is expreſt
How we ſhould liue and *Serpents* ſting preuent,
How conquer *Hell*, and *ſerue thee* with a true intent.

Some *Knowledge* call, *th'habit of demonſtration*,
Some her to *know* by *cauſes* doe define;
Some *th'vnderſtandings ſound determination*,
Wee her to *heau'nly Doctrine* here confine:
Which in a *threefold Booke to man* doth ſhine,
Of *Creatures*, *firſt*, *and latter Teſtament*,
The *Booke of Creatures* ſhewes *Gods* power diuine,
The *Law* is much in *types* and *ſhadowes* ſpent,
Whereof the *Goſpel* is the full accompliſhment.

In *Booke of creatures*, all men may obſerue
Gods Wiſdome, *Goodneſſe*; *Power*, *and Prouidence*,
By which he made the world and doth preſerue
In trueſt motions, its circumference:
Sending from Heav'n raines ſweeteſt influence;
Filling our hearts with Mirth and Ioyfulneſſe;
And giuing all things, *Motion*, *Being*, *Senſe*:
This doth *Gods power* and *God-head* plaine expreſſe;
But not his *Will*, which leads to endleſſe happineſſe.

Yet by this Booke are left without excuſe
Idolaters, who downe to *ſtocks* doe fall;
Which their owne hands haue made for ſuch abuſe,
And leaue their *Maker*, bleſſed ouer all;
Who as his *Power and Goodneſſe generall*
Appeares moſt plainly in this Worlds Creation;
So doth his gracious *Bountie* on them fall,
In ſending food for daily ſuſtentation,
And in their healths and liues continuall preſeruation;

The next two *Bookes*, moſt plainly doe diſcloſe
Gods will particular, and generall,
Particular to *Patriarchs, Prophets*, thoſe
That till *Chriſts* time, on *God* aright did call:
For this did not on all the Nations fall,
Gods will was then in *Iury* onely knowne:
But now the *Goſpel* ſoundeth out to all,
The ſeed thereof in eu'ry Nation's ſowne,
Which doth reueale hid myſteries before vnknowne.

The firſt, Gods power and prouidence doth ſhew;
The ſecond, types out our Regeneration;
The third, directly leadeth vs to know
All that is needfull, for our owne Saluation;
Ev'n from Election to Glorification:
This Booke reueales all ſecret myſteries,
Hidden in *Chriſt*, before the Worlds foundation;
Though worldlings this, as folly doe deſpiſe,
Yet this true *Knowledge* onely happy, makes and wiſe.

As ſome great *Princes* might and Maieſtie,
Is often to the meaneſt ſtranger knowne;
But his moſt *ſecret counſell* and *decree*,
To *friends* and *counſellours* is onely ſhowne.
Ev'n ſo *the King of Kings* holds not vnknowne
From *Heathens* ſight, his *Maieſtie* and *might*:
But hath diſcloſed onely to his owne,
The *ſecret* of his *counſells*, and *delight*;
Whereby they may him worſhip, pleaſe, and ſerue aright.

This is the *Knowledge* which I ſeeke to trace,
This onely doth true happineſſe affoord,
Whereof the onely cauſe is inward *Grace*,
And *vnderſtanding Gods* moſt holy Word:
The helpes which *humaue Learning* doe record;
Law, Hiſtory, Arts, Phyſicke, Poetrie;
Are but as *ſeruants* waiting on their *Lord*,
And *hand-maids* to their *dame Diuinitie*;
All *Knowledge* without this is fooliſh vanitie.

The

Swee

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Sweet *Grace*, which doſt true *Knowledge* of *Gods* will,
To *Babes and ſucklings* oftentimes reueale,
When from great *Clerkes* of Wiſdome and *deepe* skill,
Thy pleaſure is this *treaſure* to conceale;
Oh *ſacred breath!* which in our hearts doth ſteale,
Like ſweeteſt *Zephyrus* moſt pleaſing wind,
Whence no man knowes, yet doth it ſurely ſeale,
That certaine *Knowledge* which I ſeeke to find,
Knowledge of God and Chriſt the Sauiour of mankind.

All *Graces* that doe ſerue *Loues Royall Queene*
From *heauenly Knowledge* haue their maintenance,
And alwayes in her company are ſeene,
None without *Knowledge* may neere *Loue* aduance;
With her are *Diligence*, and *Temperance*:
True Faith ſo neere her euer doth attend,
You would her take for *Knowledge* at a glance,
Though often *Faith* doth ſo her ſelfe tranſcend,
That ſhee beyond the reach of *Knowledge* doth aſcend.

Not *Faith* alone, but *Workes* accompany
True *Knowledge*, who in words doth make profeſſion
He knowes *God*, but in *Workes* doth him deny,
Is ev'n a lyar by his owne confeſſion;
How many from this rule doe make digreſſion?
That would in *Knowledge* be accounted high,
But giue themſelues to Pride, Luſt, and Oppreſſion;
Enuy, diſſembling, Schiſme, Idolatry
Alas true *Knowledge* neuer kept ſuch company.

Some onely ſeeke to *know*, that they may *know*;
And this is *fooliſh curioſitie*,
And ſome of Learning make a goodly ſhow,
And this is *baſe and idle vanitie*:
Some *Knowledge* ſeeke for their *vtilitie*,
Or their preferment, which is *filthy gaine*,
Some to teach other, which is *Charitie*,
Some by this *Knowledge* ſeeke Heav'n to attaine,
To know and walke not right is damnable and vaine.

I liken this true *Knowledge* to the flower,
Or bloſſome ſpringing from the root of *Grace*,
That doth moſt glorioufly adorne *Loues bower*,
And fills with pleaſant odours all the place:
Which bloſſome beautifull, in little ſpace,
It ſelfe into moſt goodly fruits doth ſpend,
Faith, *Mercy*, *Peace* each good and perfect *grace*,
Which *fruit* ſo farre the *flower* doth tranſcend,
God, *Men*, and *Angels* taſt it, and the ſame commend.

As Bloſſomes doe not from *root* liuely ſpring,
That after blowing, haue a fruitleſſe fall;
So *Knowledge* that in *Workes* is vaniſhing,
Had neuer any *root* from *grace* at all.
But is like to *good ſeed*, that's ſaid to fall
From ſowers hand, downe by the high-way ſide,
Whoſe rooting being ſhallow, looſe, and ſmall,
Could not the *Suns* hot ſcorching heat abide;
But in the blade, with ſome, ſmall light affliction dide.

Some liken heau'nly *Knowledge* to the *Sunne*,
Then which in this world nothing more to ſight
Obiected is: But we by *Sinne* become,
Like him borne blind, depriu'd of naturall light.
Till ſome *Power* ſupernaturall enlight,
And though more plaine in this world nothing's ſhowne,
Than *Gods* eternall *God-head*, *goodneſſe*, *might*;
Yet vntill *Grace* enlighten 'tis vnknowne,
No cauſe hereof in God, but in our ſelues is knowne.

Knowledge is like the talents which the *Lord*,
When he went forth did to his ſeruants lend:
The firſt who his one talent vp did hoard,
Like him, that for his *Knowledge* doth contend;
But therewith not himſelfe, nor others mend:
Hee that with talents two, gain'd other twaine;
Is he that doth his time and labour ſpend
To ſaue himſelfe, and thoſe with him remaine,
But he that gaind the fiue; ſeeks all mens ſoules to gaine.

I *Know-*

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I *Knowledge* to the *Virgins Lamps* compare,
Which fooliſh *maids* had *common* with the Wiſe,
Oile workes of Pietie and Mercy are;
Which fooliſh Virgins idlely doe miſpriſe,
But when one, *Loe the Bridegrome comes*, out cryes,
The fooliſh Virgins *Lamps* are ſpent and done,
Wherefore they muſt to merits merchandize,
And borrow when they of their owne haue none,
The Churches *Treaſury* will furniſh ev'ry one.

Like Widowes Oile, that doth encreaſe by ſpending,
Like flames, that lightning others, gaine more light:
Like Vſurers coine, that doth augment by lending;
Like Ioy, that moſt encreaſeth by delight.
Like *Manna* that the Angels food is hight,
Whereof each gathers what may him ſuffice:
Except ſuch as in Fleſh-pots more delight,
Like Springs which more you draw, the faſter riſe,
Like *Tutors*, who by teaching Schollers, grow more wiſe.

No *Simile* can her ſo well expreſſe,
As infinite and boundleſſe treaſury;
Or Sea of waters which become no leſſe:
Though Fountaines all with ſtreames it doth ſupply.
How infinite is this grand myſtery,
To lay of nothing this huge Worlds foundation:
One God, three perſons in the *Trinitie*,
Oh depth of *Knowledge! Gods* owne *Incarnation*,
Obedience, Paſſion, Reſurrection, Exaltation.

Oh! I am drown'd, here *Elephants* may ſwim,
My *Lambe-like Muſe* in *ſhallow Fords* muſt wade,
And ſeeke for *Knowledge* to deſiſt from *Sinne*,
And make *Faith, Mercy, Pietie* my trade.
By *Faith*, I know, Chriſts merits mine are made;
The reſt are fruits of my Sanctification,
Abundant *Knowledge* doth with ſorrow lade,
To *Know* and doe *God's* will is delectation,
And onely by *Chriſts* merits bringeth to Saluation.

This

This is the *Knowledge* which our *Sauiour* meant,
When as he it *eternall life* did call;
To *know God, and the Christ* which he had sent:
This is the *Knowledge* so much sought of all,
Before and since the *Law*, and euer shall,
Though till *Christs* time, it was so shadowed;
As couer'd it in types and signes seem'd small,
But since *Times fulnesse* is accomplished,
Behold, they all in *Christ* are easie to be read.

By this did *Abel* offer of his Sheepe,
The fat, and *God* accepted his oblation:
By this so well *Gods Law* did *Henoch* keepe,
Hee him exalted from earths habitation;
For this did *Abram* leaue both house and Nation,
Assured, that from out his Loines should spring
That *Knowledge*, which to *know* was his saluation
Herein did *Dauid*, though he were a *King*,
Take more delight than *Crowne*, or any worldly thing.

See *next* his royall sonne, *King Salomon*,
Then whom arise a *Wiser* neuer shall,
Who knew plants natures, eu'n from *Lebanon*
Her Cædars tall to *Hysope* by the *wall*:
Who as in *Wealth* in *Knowledge* passed all;
Yet after hee had traced *Vanitie*,
And found how sonnes of men thereby did fall,
Him to this *Knowledge* did againe apply:
And swanlike sang *Christs Churches Epithalamy*.

Wake I, or sleepe, or am I in a trance?
Or doe another *Salomon* behold?
A *Dauid* who doth far and wide aduance,
His gracious scepter? But no bounds can hold
His *Knowledge*, secret things for to vnfold;
Law, History, Arts and *Philosophy*,
All noble *sciences* that can be told,
Yet seemes to loue alone *Diuinitie*.
Which truely can direct in *Peace* to liue and die.

Aylett, R.
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Who as hee is the *Learnedeſt of Kings*,
So 'tis his Ioy and Glory for to be,
The *King of learned men*; which in all things,
Makes God to proſper him as all may ſee,
This makes him raiſe to place of high degree,
Men of great *knowledge*, well to rule the *Land*,
And put downe *Ignorance* and ſubtiltie,
Which higheſt in their owne conceits doe ſtand;
Long ſway thou *Brittons* Scepter with thy ſacred hand.

And when thy Cloake, *Elias*-like, muſt fall
Vpon *Eliſha* thine vndoubted heire,
Inherite hee thy *Peace* and *Knowledge* all,
And in thy *Spirit* rule as in thy chaire:
But I muſt leaue this field ſo ample faire,
Teach mee, O Lord, to *know* and *doe* thy will,
And let thy *grace* againe in me repaire
Thine *Jmage* loſt, and all corruptions kill;
Thus we thy will on Earth, as they in Heav'n fulfill.

This *knowledge* muſt ſtand by vs at our laſt,
When as wee ready are our ſoules to tender
To him, that for falſe *knowledge* curious taſt,
Though guiltleſſe did his life to Iuſtice render:
For this the *Holy Ghoſt* doth more commend her,
That bare her *Sauiours knowledge* in her breſt;
Than that ſhee bare him in her wombe; yet tender,
For *One* all *Generations* call her bleſt,
By th'other one of his *true members* ſhee doth reſt.

But though this onely neceſſary is,
And firſt for our ſaluation to be ſought,
Wee onely at our laſt of it haue miſſe,
As too meane ſubiect for ambitious thought:
Thus the vnlearned riſe, and heav'n haue cought,
When *greateſt Clerks* with Sciences profound,
Heartleſſe, and comfortleſſe to Hell are brought,
For God doth their great wiſedome oft confound,
Becauſe their inward parts are not ſincere and ſound.

Alas!

Alas ! of *knowledge* here we haue no care,
But all our *youth* in follies idely ſpend;
Our ſtrength in luſts and ſtrifes away we weare;
In *age* we worldly profit all intend:
Alas what gaine we by this at our end ?
When our fraile Body doth returne to duſt,
Our Soule to him that gaue it muſt aſcend,
Whereof leaſt iot of time account they muſt,
Which hath been ſpent in diſcord, profit, folly, luſt.

Oh ! knew we but the vertue of this treaſure?
Like to the Merchant wiſe, we would ſell all
To buy it, where we ſhould find profit, pleaſure,
Such Ioy as neuer on our hearts did fall:
Oh heav'nly Comfort ! Ioy ſpirituall:
Delight vnſpeakeable in hearts that grow,
Of thoſe that ſhee is conuerſant withall;
What Ioy can there be greater than to know
Gods endleſſe *Loue* in *Chriſt*, which ſhee to vs doth ſhow.

Sure I could wiſh my whole life here to ſpend,
In this diuine moſt holy contemplation,
whereof I know not how to make an end,
Shee yeelds ſuch plentie of ſweet meditation:
Moſt heav'nly myſteries of our Creation,
Wherein appeare *Gods* might and Maieſtie;
But aboue all his loue in mans ſaluation
This is that wondrous hidden myſtery,
Into the which eu'n *Angels* did deſire to pry.

But we confeſſe though thou doſt here reueale,
Abundant *knowledge*, yet we little know
Wherefore gainſt vs the *Heathen* may appeale
Who though thou didſt to them but glimpſes ſhow
Of *Truth*, and *Iuſtice*, did more righteous grow,
Than wee that doe thy *ſacred Truth* confeſſe;
And make of *Puritie* a glorious ſhow;
But to adorne the *Goſpel* we profeſſe
With workes of *Charitie*, Ah! wee doe nothing leſſe.

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Who as hee is the *Learnedeſt of Kings*,
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This is that wondrous hidden myſtery,
Into the which eu'n *Angels* did deſire to pry.

But we confeſſe though thou doſt here reueale,
Abundant *knowledge*, yet we little know
Wherefore 'gainſt vs the *Heathen* may appeale
Who though thou didſt to them but glimpſes ſhow
Of *Truth*, and *Iuſtice*, did more righteous grow,
Than wee that doe thy *ſacred Truth* confeſſe;
And make of *Puritie* a glorious ſhow;
But to adorne the *Goſpel* we profeſſe
With workes of *Charitie*, Ah! wee doe nothing leſſe.

Oh

Oh it is meate and drinke, we know not of;
To know and doe our heav'nly Fathers will:
Our blessed *Sauiour* alwayes fed thereof,
And hereof *Saints* and *Angells* eate their fill.
These are the fruitfull plants which flourish still,
Milke, Hony, liuing Water, spiced Wine;
Which doe refresh *Christs Spouse* when shee is ill:
These *richest Iewells*, which her make so fine,
Locks, Ribands, Roses, which so gloriously do shine.

For this, shee is the *Bridegroomes darling Doue*,
And vnto her that bare her, onely deare:
For this the daughters, when they see her loue,
And all the *Queenes* and *Wiues* make merry cheere:
This makes her looke than *Sunne* and *Moone* more cleere,
Her *nauell, belly, head, necke, brests* adorne;
With these shee to her *husband* doth appeare,
More *beautifull*, than is the fairest *morne*;
Or faire like *twinning Ews*, on *Gilead* washt and shorne.

Thou that such heav'nly *Knowledge* didst instill,
Into plaine Fishers that they could confound
By argument, ev'n Clerkes of greatest skill,
And diue into thy *Mysteries* profound:
Who by their *clouen-fiery tongues* forth sound,
The *Knowledge* of thy *Truth* to ev'ry Nation;
Canst make this *Knowledge* in mine heart abound,
By one sparke of diuine illumination,
And rauish my weake soule with heav'nly admiration.

And though imperfect here our *Knowledge* be,
By reason of our humane imperfection,
And for by *Faith* alone, we things doe see,
And nothing *know* indeed in true perfection;
Yet when thy *Spirit* cleares our minds infection,
Wee shall then *know*, ev'n as we now are *knowne*;
And things now seene, by mirrour-like inspection;
To vs shall be most euidently showne,
In *Knowledge* we shall reape, what we in Faith haue sowne.

What

What then's *imperfect*, shall be done away,
Knowledge shall perfect our felicitie;
Which is our free beholding God, for ay,
In his great *Goodnesse*, *Loue*, and *Maiestie*,
So farre as *finite* may *infinitie*,
Farther to reach my *Muse* dares not be bold,
When *Angels* of so high sublimitie,
Gods Light and Maiestie cannot behold,
Finite with *infinite* can no proportion hold.

MEDITAT. I.

Of ZEALE *and godly* IEALOVSIE.

OH that some holy fire enlightening,
My Soule now rauish would with thoughts diuine,
Whilst I of *Iealousie*, *Loues* daughter sing,
And godly *Zeale*, which like the *Sunne* doth shine,
Alas! *Minerua*, and the *Muses* nine,
Are too weake helpes their aide here to intreate,
With *Cole from Altar* let some *Seraphine*
Touch my rude tongue, and set my braine on heate,
The *Glory* of this *Grace* in loftie rhimes to sweate.

Fit Subiect, for a sacred *Poets* Verse,
Which should it selfe in *Extasie* transcend,
Zeales sacred Praise, with *Knowledge* to rehearse
Both *Method* and *Deuotion* doe commend:
Who as the *houshold Chaplaine* doth intend,
To all that liue in Royall Court of *Loue*,
And *Prayers* for them all, to heau'n doth send,
For without *Zeale* none possible can moue,
To high *Olimpus* Court, the Seate of mightie *Ioue*.

For

For *Prayers* that to Heau'n seeke to ascend,
Without the Feruour of this sacred *Zeale*,
Fall downe like smoakie vapours, that intend
Into Aires middle region to steale:
But those that are supported by her seale
Like *Fumes* of incense by the *Lamb* contend
Eu'n in th'Almighties presence to reueale
Our wants, and craue his aid vs to defend:
'Gainst worlds and *Serpents poyson* to our lateſt end.

Oh! *thou*, to whom it was both drinke and meate,
To finish and to doe thy Fathers Will,
Whom *Zeale* of *Gods* owne house eu'n vp did eate,
And made thee on the Crosse thy bloud to spill:
Who whipst out Merchants that thy house did fill,
With doues and money, theeues and merchandize,
Some *Zea-lous* iuice into my pen distill,
And raise my mind aboue her wonted guise,
That so my *Muse* may with her matter sympathise.

All other holy *Graces* disposition,
By rules of *Art* I formerly define;
But *Zeale* so feruent is no definition
Can her containe, or bound in any line;
Onely shee is by nature, pure, diuine,
Beloued daughter to the *Queene* of *Loue*,
Whose *mothers Graces*, so in her doe shine,
Shee well the *primate* of her *Court* may proue,
And ranked be for place, all other *Peares* aboue.

I here omit that *Zeale*, which without hate
Of others, doth to vertuous deeds contend,
And vs enflames that *good* to emulate,
Which we to be in others apprehend:
I here that holy *Iealousie* commend,
Which onely doth from *Loue* diuine proceed;
When, not for *our*, but *Gods* cause, we intend
To loue both him and his in word and deed,
For this is that right *Zeale* which of true *Loue* doth breed.

Truth

Truth comes by *knowledge*, and from *zeale*, *deuotions*;
When therefore *zeale* doth with true *knowledge* meete,
Shee doth inlarge our hearts with heav'nly notions,
Sublime, transcendant, admirable, sweet;
But where this *knowledge* wants, shee's vndiscreet,
Rash, violent, seditious, rude and blind,
Faults for so faire a *Lady* farre vnmeet:
You see two *zeales* here of a differing kind,
I leaue the worst, and seeke the faireſt out to find.

Sweet *Lady*! daughter to the *Queene of Loue*;
Which is the cause of *Zeale* and *Iealousie*,
If you will aske mee what this *Queene* doth moue,
To loue vs wretches that in sin doe lye;
I answere, *Goodnesse* of her *Maiestie*.
Most excellent is then this holy fire,
Of *zeale*, proceeding from such ancestry,
Goodnesse and *Loue*, which therefore wee require
To true effects of *Loue* and *Goodnesse* to aspire.

Sweet *zeale*! How fairely dost thou beautifie
Th'affection, where thou mak'st thy habitation,
Like *Temple*, which thy Lord did purifie,
When as his Soule with *zeale* and indignation,
Was mou'd to see *Gods* Temples prophanation,
Not suffering thy house of endlesse rest,
To be abus'd by Pride or lustfull passion,
Th'affection which doth lodge within my brest,
The *Temple* where *Christ* and the *Holy Ghost* should rest.

Companions of *Zeale* are *Pietie*,
Faith, *Knowledge*, *Patience*, *Fortitude*, and *Right*,
In workes of *Mercy*, *Peace*, and *Charitie*,
And sweet *Humilitie* is her delight:
With all her Power shee is opposite
Against all that *Gods glory* may oppose,
Shee spends in feruent *Prayers*, day and night;
And those by *Knowledge* doth so well compose,
They bring *Gods blessings* down, and vp his Iudgements close.

Oh *Zeale* with *Knowledge*, *Faith* and *Charitie*,
Who able is thy vertue to commend,
Which doth the *Church* into one *Body* tye,
And for *Gods glory* onely doſt contend:
For *publike good*, and not for *priuate end*.
Lo! th' *Angells-Being* doth in *zeale* conſiſt;
Whoſe *ſacred ardour* doth all flames tranſcend,
Wherewith they oft enlight our minds darke miſt,
When flames of hotteſt *zeale* they to our ſoule ſuggeſt.

Oh! *Loue* as ſtrong as *Death* and *Jealouſie*,
Cruell as *graue*: Thy flames like coales of fire
Conſume and burne vp all moſt violently,
No Streames or Flouds can quench her ſacred ire,
Should we ſell all we haue, we could not buy her:
The Daughter *zeale* is like the Mother free,
Them both from *Heau'n* th' *Almightie* doth inſpire,
And therefore neither will affronted bee,
With *Riualls*, Heathen *Gods* moſt baſe *Idolatree*.

Fond *Zeale* that's fitly called which doth want
Faith, *Knowledge*, *Loue diuine*, and *Graces* all,
It ſtill doth moſt vaine ſuperſtitions haunt,
And to moſt baſe *Idolatry* doth fall,
Vnhumane *Fury*; *Madneſſe tragicall!*
Of men, whom thus blind *zeale* and ſtrange deſire,
Tranſports beyond *rage diabolicall*,
To offer vp their children in the fire
Of ſome offended deuill to appeaſe the ire.

Strange is this *zealous fury* of the rude,
When *Ignorance* doth guide their blind deuotion,
The gathering of the froward multitude,
When they be ſtirred with ſome feruent motion:
All following ſome braine-ſicke idle notion,
With diſcontent, againſt authoritie,
Raiſe *Schiſmes in Church*, *in Common-wealth Commotion*;
Pretending all their *Conſcience-liberty*,
Alas! theſe be no fruits of holy *Iealouſie*.

God often by an *Anthropopathy*,
By which his nature beſt wee vnderſtand,
Aſcribes vnto himſelfe this *Iealouſie*,
As being link'd in *Hymens* holy band;
Vnto his *Church*, his *vndefiled*: And
His *Church* againe, to ſhew her feruent *Loue*,
And *Ioy* ſhee takes in her new ioyned hand,
Like *Loue-ſicke Bride* the *Bridegroome* oft doth proue,
And him with *zeale* inuites her to imbrace and *Loue*.

Neuer new *wedded Bridegroome* was more faine
Of his *new-Bride*, than *Chriſt* is of his *Doue*,
Neuer did trueſt *Turtle* more complaine,
For loſſe of *Mate*, than this *Spouſe* of her *Loue*;
It would a ſtony heart to fountaines moue
Of teares to heare the Churches piteous mone,
When ſhee doth miſſe him whom her *Soule doth loue*,
Where's my belou'd? Ah whither is ſhee gone?
And left his *ſaddeſt Deare*, to ſigh and ſit alone.

And therefore as a *Signet* on his heart,
And as the *Seale* that is on his right hand,
Shee would be ioyn'd, that ſhee might neuer part,
But alwayes in his *Grace* and *preſence* ſtand.
No *Keeper* in *Chriſts* Vineyard muſt command,
Hee will his Vineyard prune and dreſſe alone,
Whereby his *Jealouſie* wee vnderſtand,
His *Vine* the *Bridegroome* will haue dreſt of none,
The *Bride* out of his preſence neuer will be gone.

Doth mine inuention faile? that wont to flow
In *Similes*, that make hard things ſeeme plaine?
Or doth the whole Creation here below,
Nothing affoord *zeales* nature to explaine?
Alas all earthly *Similes* are vaine
T'expreſſe the nature of this *Heau'nly fire*,
Which in the glorious *Angells* doth remaine,
And in the *Spirits* of that bleſſed Quire,
Which here with Hymnes and Praiſes doe *Gods loue* admire.

Shall duſt and aſhes dare yet be ſo bold,
Her to the *holy fire* to compare
Which in the *Buſh* thy ſeruant did behold
Flaming, but did the *Buſh* not ſinge or ſeare:
Such flames of *zeale* oft in our hearts there are,
Which doe enlighten them, but not conſume
Theſe flames our *Prayers* to *Iehoua* beare,
By theſe our *Praiſes* ſpiritually vp fume,
And in Gods noſtrils are like incenſe and perfume.

Or ſhall I like her to ſome Lioneſſe
Rob'd of her whelps, by ſome aduenturous hand,
Who in her wondrous woe, and furiouſneſſe,
Deuour's and ſlayes all in her way that ſtand:
Who can the force of *Iealouſie* withſtand?
Being of ſo great ſtrength and wondrous might,
God grant our *zeale* the Truth may vnderſtand,
And that true *Knowledge* may your minds inlight,
To make vs *zealous* for *Gods glory* and the right.

May I not like her to ſtrong churliſh wine,
Which doth confound the braine, inflame the blood:
But cool'd with water pure, and ſugar fine,
For both of them is ſoueraigne and good:
Eu'n ſo doth *Iealouſies* moſt feruent mood,
Allaid with *ſugar* of ſweet *Charitie*,
And coold with *ſweeteſt Chriſtalline* pure ſloud,
The ſilent ſtreames of ſoft *Humilitie*,
Tranſcend in all good workes, of *Loue* and *Pietie*.

This is the *zeale* and ſacred emulation,
Which the Originall doth ſignifie;
Which hath with *Loue* in *Heau'n* her habitation,
And all our actions here doth ſanctifie,
And when our Maker vs ſhall glorifie,
Behold! our *zeale* ſhall in perfection ſhine,
Begun on earth in true ſinceritie,
And as our Fleſhly courage doth decline,
Our *zeale* will grow more hot, and neereſt to diuine.

Zeale made old *Abram*, *Hagars* ſonne reiect,
For ſcoffing at his holy promiſd ſeed,
And *Moſes Pharaohs* Court and grace neglect,
When hee th'*Egyptians Deſtiny* did reed,
That ſmote a brother of the holy breed:
This *zeale* made noble *Phineas* with his ſpeare,
Slay *Zimry* and *Cosbi* in their damned deed,
Though *Saul* the fat of *Amalec* would ſpare;
Yet *Samuels zeale* doth *Agags* fleſh in pieces teare.

Oh had his Maſter *Eli's* burnt ſo hot
Againſt his ſonnes, when they by violence
The fatteſt of Gods offrings from him got,
And with foule *Luſt* defil'd the *ſacred Tents*:
Had he like *Phineas* puniſh't this offence?
Our eares then ſhould not haue ſo tingeled,
To heare of Gods great wrath and ſore offence,
He and his ſonnes in one day ſlaughtered,
And all his race from th'*Arke* for euer baniſhed.

Zeale made the warlike *Dauid* to aſpire
To build an houſe for *Gods* owne habitation,
And though warres croſt his *zeale* and good deſire,
Yet made he for it royall preparation,
And's Sonne it finiſht on his laid foundation,
Who gold and ſiluer veſſels in did bring,
It making *Iudahs* Ioy, the admiration
Of all the World, the Seat of the great King,
Whither the *Tribes* goe vp, for his true worſhipping.

I may with this example dignifie
The noble *zeale* of our late *famous Queene*,
Who much deſired to reedifie
Paules Temples ruines, which ſo fearefull ſeeme,
And make her faire as euer ſhee was ſeene:
But warres abroad, and broiles within her Land,
Moſt fatall to this pious worke haue beene;
So as it ſtill moſt ruinous doth ſtand,
Expecting helpe from *Solomons* pacificke hand.

U— 1000.5

Zeale like a *Torch* it owne selfe doth consume,
whil'st burning it to others giueth light,
And like to sweetest *incense* and *perfume*
For others Good, spends all her force and might,
Oh *blessed fire!* if kindled aright,
It burne with Loue of Heauen, and holy things,
Retaining in our hearts, both day and night,
His sweet imbraces, who is *King* of *Kings*,
Loathing the worlds vaine wanton wicked dallyings.

This *Cupid* be thy soules and hearts delight,
Whose *Bow* and golden shafts of *Zeale* and *Loue*,
Doe conquer *Fury's*, *Fates*, and worlds despight,
And stay the *thunderbolts* of angry *Ioue*:
Oh see the force of *Loue* and *Zeale* doth moue
All powers that in *Heau'n*, *Earth*, *Hell* transcend;
Grant *thee* alone I zealously may *Loue*;
And let thy *Iealousie* me safe defend,
That neuer to *strange Gods* I my affection bend.

Let vs learne *zeale* of him that in the day's
Of's flesh, did offer *Prayers*, supplication
With strongest cry's and teares to God alwayes,
That able was to saue him from his *Passion*;
And learne of him true holy *indignation*,
To be ev'n eaten vp with feruent *zeale*,
To see *theeues den*, in Gods owne *habitation*,
But first let *Knowledge* our *Commission seale*
That where *this Feruour wounds*, our *Charitie may heale*.

But ah our *zeale* of *Prayer* now growes cold,
Zeale of *Gods glory* like our *Charitie*,
And as the world declines, now waxing old,
Ev'n so doth all our *zeale* and *pietie*:
We raise our *houses* ev'n to dare the *skie*,
But raze *Gods Temples* equall with the ground,
Our Fathers built them for posteritie,
And left with *Ornaments* adorned round,
But we them with their *Ornaments* seeke to confound.

As for the *Temples* of the *Holy Ghoſt*,
I meane our *hearts* the *Bridegroomes* habitation,
We will beſtow on them no ſpirituall coſt,
But leaue them foil'd with vileſt prophanation;
Pride, *Luſt*, *Vaine-glory*, all abomination,
Tis time to wiſh this holy Biſhops *zeale*
Would make of them to God new conſecration,
And that the *Holy Ghoſt* their doores would ſeale,
Againſt all ſpirituall theeues, that *holy goods would ſteale.*

Oh that ſome holy fit of *Heau'nly* fire,
Raiſing my *Muſe* to *zealous contemplation*,
Would in mine heart that feruent flame inſpire,
And *zealous Loue* Saint *Paul* bare to his nation,
When as hee could haue wiſh't eu'n reprobation
For their ſakes, from whoſe fleſh *Chriſt* did deſcend;
Or of the Prophet, by predeſtination
Moſt ſure, his name in *Booke of Life* was pen'd
Yet wiſht it wiped out Gods glory to defend.

But I confeſſe, we rather doe enuy,
Gods gifts and graces in our Bretheren,
And *Joſuah*-like forbid them propheſie,
Shewing more *zeale* to honour Greatneſſe, then
To Glorifie the *King of Heau'n*, yea when
We in our hearts find any emulation,
'Tis for vaine-glory, and the praiſe of men,
To build our houſes, not *Gods habitation*,
And leaue faire large poſſeſſions to our generation.

Let vs with *Dauid* make a ſacred vow,
And to th'Almightie *God* of *Iacob* ſweare
Neuer to come within our houſe, nor bow
Our *Limbs* vpon our *Beds*, till we prepare
A place *Gods ſpirituall Temple* vp to reare:
Nor euer ſuffer ſleepe within our eyes,
Or ſlumber in our eye-lids to appeare,
Till we an habitation doe deuiſe,
Where we may to th'Almightie offer ſacrifice.

My mind inflame Lord with that hot desire
And *zeale* to glorifie thy *holy name*,
That like thy *Martyrs* I may dread no fire,
Because I feele within a hotter flame.
Hot Coles therefore shall be to mee the same,
As to the *Martyr* was the *Boiling Oyle*,
Which did more coole indeed than him inflame,
Because his *zeale* within did hotter boile,
Sweet heau'nly dewes doe most inrich the hottest soile.

Oh were mine head a conduit full of teares,
Mine eyes two rocks continually to run,
As well to cleanse foule *Lusts* of youthfull yeeres,
As coole the zealous flames in me begun;
Had I thus once my Bridegroomes presence won,
I neuer would let goe my well-laid hold,
Till hee into my *Mothers* chamber come,
With sweet embraces ay, mee to infold,
His ardent *Loue* would neuer let my *zeale* grow cold.

MEDITAT. III.

Of TEMPERANCE.

MY *Muse* now fares like to some *Pilot* wise,
Who hauing some dread stormes of danger past,
That tost his vessell oft vp to the skies,
Now sailing in the calme with temperate blast,
Goes gently on, lest too much dangerous hast
His ship vnwares on hidden rocke impight,
And him and all his hopes away should cast,
For thus it oft befalls some careless wight,
To wreck in *fairest calme*, when they the storme haue quight.

I late

I late was toſt in rough and boiſterous *Sea*,
Of *Zeale* and *Jealouſie*, which hauing paſt,
I am to ſaile in calme and faireſt *Lea*,
Of *Temperance*, moſt abſtinent and chaſt;
Therefore my *Muſe* goes on with ſober haſt,
Knowing againſt her many dangers lie,
Which by the *touch*, *tongue*, *ſmell*, *eye*, *eare*, or *taſte*,
Would her *entrap*, and bring in *ieopardy*,
Which *Poets* by the *Syr'ts* and *Syrens* doe imply.

And therefore did the famous blind *Bards* quill,
Preferre *Vlyſſes* in his Court of *Fame*,
Who of this *Temperance* had got the skill,
'Fore *Aiax*, *Hector*, or *Achilles* name,
His *Odyſſes* may teſtifie the ſame
Which were compos'd his *Temperance* to commend
By which he men and monſters ouercame,
And did life, honour, chaſtitie defend,
'Gainſt *Syrens* and *Enchantments* to his lateſt end.

And ſure the *Heathen*, to all *Chriſtians* ſhame,
Seem'd wondrouſly vs herein to tranſcend,
But that they wanted that moſt holy flame
Of *zeale*, which I ſo lately did commend,
And *knowledge*, which ſhould guide them to their end,
All that they had by natures light was ſhowne,
But *God* his *holy Word* to vs doth ſend,
Whereby his *Will* and *Counſell* is made knowne,
What fruit then ought we beare, where ſo good ſeed is ſowne.

Eue was the firſt *Author* of *Intemperance*,
Led by her eye, nice taſt, and fond deſire
Of *Knowledge*, with proud wicked *Ignorance*,
And chang'd *Gods Loue to euerlaſting ire*,
The Garden looſing for eternall fire;
But what *ſhee* loſt his *Temperance* doth gaine,
Whoſe aid now in mine entrance I deſire
Who from all food, did fortie dayes abſtaine,
And all's Life from *intemperate*, thought, word, deed, refraine.

This

This *Vertue* some doe make so *Cardinall*,
That all the rest, in her they would imply,
As *Loue*, *Peace*, *Concord*, *Pudour Virginall*,
Gentlenesse, *Meekenesse*, *Liberalitie*,
Thrift, *Silence*, *Friendship*, *Goodnesse*, *Grauitie*,
Honesty, *Purenesse*, all true *moderation*,
Which doth withhold from *Sin* and *Vanitie*,
And bringeth vnto true humiliation:
Most happy *Mother* of so faire a Generation.

But in some limits that I may her bound,
I *her define* to be a *moderation*
Of such *desires*, as are within vs found
In *Diet*, *Actions*, *Words*, and *Affectation*;
For with these *fow'r* I bound my *Meditation*;
In *Diet* shee requires *Sobrietie*,
In *Actions*, true vnfain'd *humiliation*,
Her *Words* she graceth aye with *Modesty*,
And her *affections* charmes with *Meekenesse*; *Chastity*.

See in her *Diet*, first *Sobrietie*,
In words and actions true *humiliation*,
Accompany'd with precious *Modesty*;
Last *Continence* from *Lust*, and angry *Passion*,
The cause of all is *prudent Moderation*;
The *aged Palmer*, *Spencer*, *Guyons* trustie guide,
That stands against all *stubborne perturbation*,
By whose sage helpe, secure and safe we slide,
By whirle-pooles, and deepe gulfes which gape for vs so wide.

For all through this worlds boistrous Sea must passe,
Before we at our quiet Hav'n arriue,
The *Boate* our Body is, as brittle glasse,
Our *Steeres-man*; *Temperance*, it right doth driue,
Besides the Rocks, that threat this Boat to riue;
Are many *Gulphes*, and *Whirle-pooles* of decay
Which wait th' *Affections*, and the *Senses* fiue
By force and sweet Allurements to assay,
Some fall by rage and diet, some by lustfull play.

But

But in that Body where doth reaſon ſway,
And *Senſe* and *Paſſion* be obedient,
There the *affections* all behold you may
In happy peace, and goodly gouernment:
There *Temperance* adornes her glorious Tent,
With vertues all to make it ſhine moſt bright,
The mirrour of Gods workes moſt excellent,
And to them all ſuch bounteous banquets dight,
As may be beſt for *Health*, *Praiſe*, *Profit*, and *Delight*.

Moſt *glorious frame* of *nature!* which ſhee built,
The whole world in one point t'epitomize,
Iuſt, pure, and perfect, till *intemprate guilt*,
Her Makers Heſts by Pride did foule miſpriſe,
Since that ſhee learned to be lowly, wiſe,
And not obey intemperate deſire,
Thus ſhee her *glorious houſe* reedifies,
And moſt of all doth lowly Cells admire,
The loftieſt is no place for *temperate retire*.

Shee therefore neuer comes in company,
Of ſuch as ſwim in pride, and bathe in bliſſe,
Waſting their dayes in eaſe and luxury,
For in ſuch eaſe, men eaſily doe amiſſe,
But hee whoſe mind in ſtudie watchfull is,
Whoſe limbs are toyl'd with labour, mind, with paine;
Shee theſe as her ſweet darlings deare doth kiſſe,
The idle life cannot to her attaine;
Before *her Gate*, high God *employment* did ordaine!

Exceſſe doth make the minde of beaſtly man,
Forget his firſt created excellence;
That pure eſtate in which his *Life began*,
And as a *Beaſt* that wants intelligence,
'Twixt *ſenſe* and *reaſon* put no difference,
But like a *Brute* of baſe and ſwiniſh kind;
Delights in filth and foule incontinence,
For *Luſt* and Wine ſo far transforme the minde,
Affections beare the ſway, and *royall reaſon* binde.

Thus *Bacchus Fountain's* turn'd to *puddle lake*,
Wherein like filthy beasts base men lie drown'd,
And *Swines* of *Gods faire Images* doe make;
This *vice* hath now with vs such footing found,
As Drunkennesse with glory doth abound,
Pure Liber, wont to be the *Muses* friend,
All *musing*, *Wit* and *Learning* doth confound,
The *Flemings* this did first to vs commend,
But herein we them and all Nations now transcend.

No better stratageme doth *Satan know*,
(I alwayes must except base drunkennesse)
Then gaming all our youth to ouerthrow,
The *fruict Intemperate* of Idlenesse
Oh horrible, infernall wickednesse:
To heare a wretch, his Makers name blaspheme,
When Dice or Carding crosse his good successe,
And eu'n his *Soule*, which *Christ's bloud* did redeeme;
With his estate, to hazard to a *dyes esteeme*.

Intemprate, *drinking*, *Play*, *smoake*, in excesse
Is now our gallants onely occupation,
The poisoning fruits of their loose Idlenesse,
Base *Gourmandizing*, filthy *Fornication*
Is turn'd from foule reproach to commendation,
Now vse of *Armes and manly exercise*,
Are held a *toile* and not a *recreation*;
Who so is *moderate*, *chast*, *valiant*, *wise*,
Him as precise and cynicall they doe despise.

Oh foolish *Man!* learne *Temperance* of thy Dog,
Thine Horse and Hawke, wherein thou tak'st delight,
Which when they should shew sport, thou dost not ~~clog~~
And fill with food, their greedie appetite;
Thou them dost diet, that they may be light,
And keepst from Lust, their courage to prolong,
One dulls the Body, th'other kills the Sprite,
But *Abstinence* doth make both swift and strong,
The *temperate* mans dayes are happy healthfull long.

And

And may vnto *Pauls Pilote* be compar'd,
Whoſe veſſell with exceeding tempeſt toſt,
Vnlades,and lightens,hauing moſt regard,
To ſaue his *Life*,though all his goods be loſt;
Eu'n ſo the *temperate* man in this world croſt,
With baits of *appetite*,*luſt*,*anger*,*pride*,
Makes vſe of thoſe that for his vſe are moſt,
But needleſſe things, wherewith his veſſels cloid,
With his owne hands doth to the hungry,fiſh diuide.

When I behold the ſtately Firmament,
Adorn'd with glorious *Lamps* of heau'nly fire;
The Stars with their appointed roomes content,
And neither other to ſupplant deſire;
Their *Temperance* in Heau'n,I doe admire:
But then I view the anbitious ſparkes below,
Who to poſſeſſe the whole Earth doe aſpire;
And all poore Cottages to ouerthrow,
That ſtopt their proſpect,great alone on earth to grow.

Nature with ſmall,no plentie *Luſt* can bound,
Vnlimited deſires here ſatisfie,
No Gold,nor Siluer can,though they abound,
Like ſtones amongſt the *wiſe Kings vanitie*:
Though *Ieſſes Sonne* haue ſuch varietie
Of *Wiues* and *Maids*,yet comes the *ſtranger*,*Luſt*,
Vrias onely *Lamb* for him muſt dye,
No home-bred fare,can ſatisfie baſe duſt;
But ſtrange rare cates from forraine nations haue we muſt.

The *temprate* man,I to a Brooke compare,
Contented with ſweet Fountaines of her owne;
Which runs moſt pleaſant,pure,delightfull,cleere:
But if with flouds her channels once be flowne,
Then ſtreight her troubled waters foule are growne.
So whil'ſt we *Temperance* with vs retaine,
And no exceſſe of Diet's in vs knowne,
Our heart from ire,our bed is free from ſtaine:
But ceaſe from *Temperance*,and all is foule againe.

And

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And as pure Streames continue ſweet and cleere,
Whil'ſt they within their Channells ſwiftly flow,
Refreſhing all the plants and flowers neere,
But if they idlely ſtand, or run but ſlow,
Then thicke and foule like idle lake they grow:
Ev'n ſo the man that doth his minde aduance,
His Makers heau'nly will to doe and know,
To honour ſhall be rais'd aboue all chance,
But he that idle grow's falls to *Intemperance*.

Shee is a ſhort, but a moſt pleaſant way,
Wherein ſmall labour is but much delight,
The *Empreſſe* that doth our affections ſway,
The *Genus* of all other *vertues* hight,
Piller of Fortitude, The *Helmet bright*,
Againſt *Laſciuiouſneſſe*, The *eyes beſt guide*,
Bond of *goodwill*, of *cogitations light*,
Reſtraint; The *Enemy* of *Luſt* and *Pride*,
The *Soules chaſt counſellour*, her vow' and prayers to guide.

Of *Prudence* and true *Wiſdome* the foundation,
To him that hath her, can no ill befall,
No greater wealth can be then Contentation,
Who hath her, hath that, who lacks that, wants all,
Who nothing need; eu'n Gods the Heathen call.
Fortune may bring vs wealth and royall fare,
But *Temperance* muſt giue content withall,
By her we freed from perturbations are,
And hauing *daily bread*, doe take no farther care:

For from her *Temper* ſhee receiues her name,
As being of extreames the moderation,
The *golden meane* that doth affections frame,
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To shield from cold, and saue from scorching heate,
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The Fury of these wretches to withstand;
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Shall not we them all with him crucifie,
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Aylett, R.

It is mans mind that maketh good or ill,
Wretched or happy, ſad, glad, rich or poore,
He hath abundantly all things at will,
That hauing little, yet deſires no more,
When he that's drown'd in wealth, & ſwims in ſtore,
Doth liue in want to ſatisfie deſire,
Which neuer hath enough, fond fooles therefore,
Are they that feed *Luſts* and *Ambitions* fire,
Which like baſe *Auarice*, doth more and more require.

When firſt I ſaw the glory of the *Great*,
I then them onely happy men did hold,
For ſumptuous houſes, lodging, rayment, meat,
Honour, Attendance, Iewells, Siluer, Gold,
But when the cares and dangers I behold,
Of thoſe whom Fortune doth ſo high aduance,
How to diſſembling flattery ſome are ſold;
Luſt, Fulneſſe, Idleneſſe, Intemperance;
My life I happy deeme, in quiet lowly chance.

Thus of late folly's, I though late complaine,
And that ſweet *Peace*, which doth not there appeare,
Now in mine *homely Cell* I entertaine,
Which by her want I learne to loue more deare;
Sweet holy quiet life! where meaneſt cheare
To hungry ſtomocks, is a daily feaſt,
Where thirſt like *Nectar*, makes freſh cooling beere;
Where in a cabbin is more quiet reſt,
Than on Downe *Perſian beds*, with Gold and Feathers dreſt.

In this eſtate I no man doe enuie,
Nor would enuied be of any one;
Great ſtore of wealth, doth ſtore of cares ſupply,
That little that I haue is ſtill mine owne,
I reape with Ioy the crop, that I haue ſowne,
Without leaſt care but onely to attend it,
The *Lambs* I weane, are daily *greater* growne:
What haue I but to praiſe him that doth ſend it?
And with a cheerefull heart vnto the poore to lend it.

But leaſt corrupt my mind, or body grow
with too much eaſe, or wanton Idleneſſe;
My mind I ſet my *Makers Will* to know,
His *Wiſedome, Power, Truth*, and *Holineſſe*;
I often ride or walke to wearineſſe,
The members of my body to ſubdue
And *Temper* 'gainſt *Luſt* and *Laciuiouſneſſe*,
Thus by ſweet contemplation, oft I view,
Such high tranſcendent things, as yet I neuer knew.

Thus rapt with contemplation I find,
That all theſe worlds-gay ſhow's which men admire,
Are but *vaine ſhadow's*, to the *ioy's of mind*
Of thoſe, that lead their liues in ſafe retire;
Whoſe onely happineſſe and hearts deſire,
Is here the talents God hath lent to ſpend
Vnto his glory, as he doth require,
And vſing *Temperately* what he doth ſend;
Thus grant that I may liue, Thus grant that I may end.

MEDITAT. IIII.

Of BOVNTIE.

NOw will I raiſe faire *Alma's* ſtately tower,
On *Temperance*, her ſtrong and ſoundeſt frame;
And goodly deck *Dame Bounty's* dainty bower,
Whereby all Princes gaine immortall fame:
Some call her *Alma*, ſome her *Bounty* name,
The truſty *Almner* of *Loues Royall* Court;
Who beares the bag to giue to blind and lame,
And Suitors all that thither doe reſort
Rewards moſt *bountcouſly*, and feeds in ſeemely ſort.

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Aylett, R.

For on this heau'nly *Dame* the eyes of all
Looke vp, that of her liberalitie
They may receiue, and ſhee againe lets fall,
Vpon them needfull things moſt plenteouſly,
Her bounteous hand ſhee opens willingly,
With bleſſings eu'ry creature full to fill,
To thoſe that *Knowledge* ſeeke, abundantly,
Shee giueth *Wiſdome, Vnderſtanding, Skill,*
To know their *Makers Bountie, Maieſtie,* and *Will.*

Moſt glorious *Alma!* when as *Temperance*
Controlls the noble Plentie of her Hall,
And with her Staffe keepes out *Intemperance,*
Which doth abuſe her *Grace* and *Bountie* all;
For where moſt Plentie is, there moſt doe fall
By want of *Temperance* to Luſt and Sin,
Till they be brought low as the *Prodigall,*
For he that will true Praiſe by *Bountie* win,
Muſt firſt of all at home with *Temperance* begin.

For *Temperance* with watchfull *diligence,*
Are like two ſprings which *waters* doe ſupply,
To open handed free *Beneficence,*
And her diſcernes from *Prodigalitie,*
By *Diligence* we get ſufficiencie
By *Temperance,* what we haue gotten, ſpare
To miniſter to *Liberalitie,*
For theſe two, *Lady-Bounty's* handmaids are,
And for her, iuſt, and truly, ſtore of wealth prepare.

But they that liue in *ſloth and foule exceſſe,*
Though they may ſeeme to be moſt liberall,
Oppreſſion, and *Extortion* mercileſſe;
Are *Lakes,* from whence their *Bounty's ſtreames* doe fall,
And thus they rob the poore, that therewithall
They may themſelues, rich friends, and children feaſt,
Blaſpheming their great Maker, Lord of all,
And imitating baſeſt ſauage beaſt,
Which fawnes vpon the great, But doth deuoure the leaſ

God of all Bountie, King moſt Liberall;
Who to thy vaſſall Man at his Creation,
Didſt ſubiect make, Fiſh, Fowle, Beaſts, creatures all,
And of thine handy works gau'ſt domination;
Who by thy prouidence and ordination
Him needfull things not onely doſt prouide,
But for his health, delight and contentation,
That he may plentie to the poore diuide,
My *Muſe* to ſing, heart, hands, to practiſe *Bountie* guide.

Bountie, Beneficence, Benignitie,
In name though diuers, one in ſubſtance be,
Beneuolence and *Liberalitie*,
Make *actions*, and *affections* agree,
If as they are, in God you wiſh to ſee,
They like his *Goodneſſe* are vnlimitted,
And as his *Mercy, Loue*, and *Grace* are free,
Which on his creatures are abundant ſhed,
But by my ſhallow *Muſe* their depth cannot be read.

They are too high to reach, too deepe to ſound,
For all the earth is filled therewithall:
In heau'n aboue Gods *Goodneſſe* doth abound,
The *Bountie of his Grace* is ouer all;
Of all the *Meditations* which call
My mind, to holy *Ioy* and admiration,
None lets more comfort than Gods *Bountie* fall,
Both for my being and my preſeruation,
But moſt in that he ſhed his bloud for my *Saluation*.

Here could I wiſh my *Muſe* might euer dwell,
In viewing Gods great *Goodneſſe, Bountie, Loue*,
Which three to th'holy *Trinitie* I well
May here aſcribe; For *Goodneſſe* firſt doth moue
The *Father*, to beget *Eternall Loue*,
From *Loue* and *Goodneſſe, Bountie* doth proceed:
Yet all theſe *three*, as one in God doe proue,
In *ſubſtance* one, although *diſtinguiſhed*
In *working*! But this height my reach doth far exceed.

And therefore rauiſh't now with contemplation,
Beyond the compaſſe of my feeble eye,
My ſoule amaz'd falls downe to adoration
Of this miſterious holy *Trinitie*,
And from *diuine* come to *benignitie*:
And *bountie* which ſhould be in men below,
A *habit* wee of *liberalitie*;
Her call and good *affection* we ſhould ſhow
In *thought*, *heart*, *word*, and *deed*, to eu'ry one we know.

And muſt from *goodneſſe* and true *loue* proceed,
The onely cauſe of true *benignitie*;
Wherefore, except theſe be in vs indeed,
Our *bounty* is but *prodigalitie*:
Or ſome like *froth* of *ſuperfluitie*.
The crums and leauings of *Intemperance*,
Which oft are dealt out with an euill eye,
More for vaine credit, or baſe circumſtance,
Then for goodwill, or care Gods glory to aduance.

For eu'ry act hath then her true effect,
Which from true ground right aymeth at her end,
As when both *loue* and *goodneſſe* doth direct
What *bounty* truly gets, aright to ſpend:
Loe thus doth heau'nly *grace* and *Bounty* ſend
Her bleſſings temporall alike to all;
But doth for greater *benefits* intend,
To thoſe that on Gods name aright doe call,
And in this heau'nly ſort, ought we be liberall.

Oh! then th'effects of *bounty* glorious are,
When *Prouidence* with true *Frugality*,
Doe ſeeke by *Iuſtice* to prouide and ſpare
Fit *ſuſtenance* for *liberality*;
Behold that heau'nly *bounteous Maieſty*,
Sends raine and fruitfull ſeaſons whereby ſtore
Of Bleſſings, th'earth may to his hand ſupply,
And many hidden treaſures vp doth ſtore
For to exalt the rich, and to refreſh the pore.

Then humane *bounty* like her Makers is,
When as ſhee labours to doe good to all;
But moſt of all to bring poore ſoules to bliſſe,
And fill their hearts with food ſpirituall:
Oh *Grace* Diuine? *Bounty Angelicall*;
With *ſpirituall loaues in Wilderneſſe* to feed
Gods Saints, when ſpirituall hunger them doth gal;
The ignorant which pine with inward need,
Diuine ſweet comforts to their fainting ſoules to reade.

True *Bounty's* knowne, beſt by her company,
For ſhee in *Truth* and *Mercy* takes delight;
Faith, Iuſtice, Temperance, Humility,
And is withall *Loues graces* richly dight,
Herein appeares her glorious heau'nly Sp'rite:
Shewing that ſhee of ſeed diuine is borne,
Of *Loue* and *Goodneſſe*, not of *Vaine delight*,
Or *Fame* and *Praiſe of men*, when ſhee doth ſcorne
To ſeeke feign'd bounteous ſhewes, her *goodnes* to adorn.

For thus th'*ambitious* man is *bountifull*,
Thus belly-gods in plentie take delight,
Deceit with *gifts* his neighbour ſeekes to gull,
The couetous bribe large to conquer right;
From ſuch falſe *Bounty*, Truth is baniſh't quite,
Humility, Faith, Knowledge, Temperance,
Nor any of *Loues Graces* in her ſight,
May ſuffered be their enſignes to aduance,
There dwells *Contention, Pride, Oppreſſion, Ignorance*.

As *daughters* of the *horſe-leech*, ſtill doe cry,
Giue giue: as Graue and Hell be neuer full,
So nought the couetous eye can ſatisfie,
But he that's liberall and bountifull
Is like full clouds, which doe moſt plentifull
Water the earth, and poure downe ſtore of raine,
Yet are not emptie; for the mercifull
And liberall ſhall greater plentie gaine,
And he that ſcattereth ſhall find increaſe againe.

Then

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That hand is neuer emptie of reward,
Where as goodwill the hearts cheſt filleth full,
And *bountie* neuer is ſo much afear'd,
Cauſleſſe to giue, As not be bountifull
Where need requires; His face is beautifull
Where ſweet Goodwill both heart and lookes haue ioyn'd;
But th'enuious and malitious doe pull,
On wrinkles: And a man ſhall euer find,
The beautie of the face to alter with the mind.

Bountie is like vnto the glorious Sun,
Which as a *Bridegroome* doth from chamber glide,
And as a *Gyant* ioy's his courſe to run
From *Eaſt* to *Weſt*, moſt ſwiftly he doth ride,
Nothing from's fertile heat it ſelfe can hide;
He doth not looke that one him vp ſhould call:
So *bountie* deales her Graces far and wide,
And Bleſſings without asking ſends to all;
Expecting not vaine praiſe, where ſhee lets graces fall.

As ſome faire glorious garment, which we weare
Vpon our ſhoulders, reaching to the ground,
Couers all ſpots, and Næues that on vs are:
So where this noble *bounty* doth abound,
It couereth all faults that can be found,
For as *Loue* couers, ſo doth *Bounty* hide
A multitude of ſins, and doth confound,
By her bright Beames, *Detraction*, *Enuy*, *Pride*;
Alas theſe are to weake where *Bounty's* on our ſide.

Shee's like vnto the Lamp of glorious day,
Which doth diuide the darkneſſe from the light,
For whereas *Bountie* doth her beames diſplay,
Behold bright day: without them there is night;
The King that by his *bountie* doth inuite,
His ſubiects hearts to Loue and Honour due,
Sleepes more ſecure, than he that doth by might
And feare, ſtrong forts and walled townes ſubdue,
And for his guard's encompaſſed with armed crue.

Bountie and Benefits are eu'n the Bands,
Of *Concord*, and as fire doth quickly dye,
That is not foſtered with coles or brands;
So dies true Loue with men: Except ſupply
Be made by gifts and liberalitie:
Who doth the wandring ſoule direct aright,
Though with him he doth deale moſt bounteouſly;
Yet doth he but his fellowes candle light,
And to another giues, yet loſeth ſelfe no light.

True *bounty* ſeekes *high God* to imitate,
Who to the moſt vnthankfull is moſt free,
Sol doth his light to Theeues participate
And without tempeſts, Pirates ſaile on Sea,
The Heau'ns of all good things the Authors bee,
Faire fortunes to vngratefull fooles doe ſend,
As onely ſeeking to doe good: ſo we
(Though oft in vaine our *bountie* we doe ſpend)
To the vnthankfull m ıſt, as to the thankfull lend.

Gods *bounty's* like to incenſe and perfume,
Caſt on an heart inflam'd with holy *zeale*,
Which praiſes vp, like cloudes of ſmoake doth fume,
And ſweeteſt odours round about doth deale:
Man's Bounty is like widowes cruſe or meale,
Which ſpent vpon the *Prophet* growes to more,
Like Surgeons skill, which as he more doth heale,
Doth grow more cunning than he was before,
The diligent and bounteous hand want neuer ſtore.)

As many fruits doe faire encreaſe and grow,
Not ſo much by the nature of the ground,
As by the *bounty*, which from Heau'n doth flow,
And temperate aire that is about them found,
So all good *Arts* in nobleſt wits abound,
More by ſome *Princes liberalitie*,
And high regard they haue of *Muſes* ſound,
Than their owne nature, ſtrength, and induſtry,
Beſt friends to *Arts* are *Bounty* and *Humanity*.

Should

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Should I but here recount the names of all,
Whom *bountifull* in holy Writ I find,
I of your patience ſhould be prodigall,
And my ſhort time for this diſcourſe aſſign'd,
Let me their names vp in a bundle bind;
Which if you pleaſe to ope as ſweetly ſmell,
As *Camphires buſh*: my *Muſe* is now inclin'd,
Of ſome prophane examples here to tell,
Which ſeeme in noble *Bounty* others to excell.

Than treaſure *Cyrus* more his friends eſteem'd,
Whereof he multitudes by *bounty* won;
And *Alexander* greateſt glory deem'd,
By *bounty* neuer to be ouercome;
A King of *Egypt* thought it better done,
His ſubiects coffers, than his owne to fill:
When as *Alphonſus* heard *Titus Veſpaſians* ſonne,
Accounted that day loſt, when for goodwill
He had giu'n nought; ſaid, I ne're ſpent a day ſo ill.

Behold! theſe fiue examples liue in one,
The *bounteous Monarch*, that our Scepter ſways,
Eſteemes his friends 'boue gold, or precious ſtone,
And ouercomes eu'n all that him obay's,
By ſoueraigne *Bounty*, to's immortall praiſe,
No King ſo fills his ſubiects cheſts with gold,
His *bounteous deeds* in number paſſe his day's:
Ah! how then dare my niggard rimes be bold,
The ſacred *bounty* of my Soueraigne to vnfold.

Who hoards not vp his wealth in Caue or Tower,
Nor into priſons darke condemnes his gold:
But as on him from heau'n all Bleſſings ſhower,
So are his to vs Subiects manifold:
As from thicke clouds, we numberleſſe behold,
Large ſtreames of fruitfull raine on earth to fall:
So is his largeſſe to his ſeruants told,
Who entring poore, returne rich from his hall,
Like *Tagus* golden ſands, his hands are liberall.

Vouchſafe, oh *bounteous Soueraigne!* heare thy thrall,
After thy cloud, a ſubiects drop'd to ſing;
Whom thou didſt to deſerued honour call,
And was in name and bountie as a *King*:
Who in thy bounteous ſteps thee following,
Did from obſcurity my *Fortunes* raiſe,
Without deſert or my leaſt offering,
He now in Heau'n his *bounteous* King doth praiſe,
As he with *bounty* honour'd him here all his day's.

And let vs all his *bounteous* praiſes ſing,
Whoſe *bounty* vs from Hell and Death doth raiſe,
Our bleſſed *Sauiour, Prophet, Prieſt*, and *King*,
Who here in *bounteous deeds* ſpent all his day's;
Caſting out Deuills, ſauing ſoules alway's,
Healing the ſicke, giuing the blind their ſight;
Mournes for our ſins, for enemies he pray's;
Comforts the rich, and feeds the hungry wight;
And ſtill in doing good, doth ſet his whole delight.

How could malicious heart of enuious man,
Conſent to murther ſuch a *bounteous* King?
Scourge, ſcorne, deride, deſpight him what they can,
Still in his bounteous deeds perſeuering;
Yea when vnto the Croſſe they him doe bring,
Father they know not what they doe, he cry's;
And when his body hangs their torturing,
He to the Thiefe not Paradiſe denyes;
Thus doing good he liues: Thus doing good he dyes.

What doth the *Lord of Life eternall dye?*
Which vnto vs eternall life doth giue;
See his large *bounty*, and *benignity?*
Hee gaue his life for vs, that we might liue,
What heart of ſtone doth not here melt, or riue
But with his *Life*, his *Bounty* doth not end,
He by his Will, and Teſtament doth giue
Vs Heau'n, yea more the Comforter doth ſend,
With millions of *Angells*, on vs to attend.

Who

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Who can of this his *Sauiours Bountie* taſt?
And to his members not be *bountifull*,
If thou want wealth, and coine giue what thou haſt,
And let our hearts be alwaies mercifull,
And like the fertile ground yeeld plentifull
Encreaſe, of all the ſeeds which thereon grow,
'Tis *Bountie* that doth fill our garner's full,
He ſparing reapes, that ſparingly doth ſowe,
True *Bounty's* noble hand no want did euer know.

But ah too many couetous of Praiſe
And Glory doe by fraud and rapine ſpoile;
Other's, that they thereby there names may raiſe,
And ſome goods gotten by much care and toile,
Spend on their pleaſures, and thereby beguile,
Their poore and needy neighbour of his right,
Drinking and ſurfetting in eaſe the while,
And ſpending frankly on ſome baſe delight,
Like Brutes are bountifull to their owne appetite.

Some onely by their *Bountie* ſeeke for fame,
And theſe are onely to *Ambition* free,
Some Patrons now aday's ſuch Shepheards name,
To feed the Flocke, as looſe and Idle Bee,
Wealth vnto wealth to adde they all agree:
Mo man reſpects the needy and the poore,
The emptie veſſels, emptie ſtill we ſee;
They that are full, to them is added more,
Dry *hills want water*, when the *valley's ſwim* with ſtore.

As *Knights* which of the noble Order are
Of *Garter*, that they better may be knowne,
A golden *George* about their necke they weare,
Nor doe the ſame at any time lay downe,
Whereby their nobleneſſe ſhould be vnknowne:
So *Nobles* alwaies weare *Benignitie*,
Whereby whoſe *Sonnes* you are yee may be ſhowne,
For nothing proues you *Sonnes of the moſt High*,
More than your *Bountie* and true *Liberalitie*.

But of *falſe bountie* you doe vainely boaſt,
Delighting in vaine paſtime, oyle and Wine,
And gluttons feed for glory to your coſt,
Whil'ſt at your doores, the poore may ſterue and pine,
You welcome ſuch as you inuite to dine;
But ſcarce afford the poore ſcraps, at your gate;
Which ſhew that all your *bountie* is to loyne
Credit and Glory to your great eſtate,
And but for Crowes and Kites, or Daw's do lay a Baite.

You for a million at a caſt will play,
And hazard all your fortunes at a game,
And grudge not for one daintie bit to pay
A thouſand, and then glory in the ſame,
With gold you tricke and trim vp ſome looſe Dame,
The ſinke that ſucks vp all your *Liberalitie*,
Thus lauiſh you to your eternall ſhame,
All that your Fathers got by their *Frugalitie*,
And left to you to ſpend in *bounteous hoſpitalitie*.

Braue *Alexanders* deeds for ay commends
His wondrous confidence, and *bountie* rare;
Who dealing out amongſt his faithfull friends,
Lands, houſes, townes, he gold and all did ſhare,
When one beſought him wiſely to forbeare,
For what, ſaid he, alas! *is* left the *King?*
New hopes of gaming more, ſaid he, there are,
Thus on his fate and fortunes venturing
The Heau'ns propitious ſeem'd, to him, in eu'ry thing.

But ah! poore Prince! thy *hopes* are all but vaine,
As were the *Benefits* thou didſt expoſe;
But we are certaine of eternall *gaine*,
If *bounteouſly Gods* bleſſings we diſpoſe:
Ah! what is it if worldly things we looſe!
And thereby gaine vs an *Eternall Crowne*,
Which heau'nly *Bountie* layeth vp for thoſe,
That their owne glory willingly lay downe,
And what they reape by *Bountie bounteouſly* haue ſowne.

Such

But

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Such all within moſt glorioufly ſhall ſhine,
Their veſtiments ſhall be of twined Gold;
They ſhall of Hony taſt, and ſpiced Wine;
And all the Bridegroomes fruits both new and old,
He gently will ſuch in his armes infold;
And ſatisfie their ſenſe with pleaſing ſmell,
No eare hath heard, no tongue hath euer told,
The *Ioy* and *Bounty* that with him doe dwell,
But more of theſe, where next of heau'nly *Ioy* I tell.

Meditat. V.

Of Spirituall and Heau'nly Ioy.

HOw ſhould a heart oppreſt with worldly cares,
Of *Spirituall inward Ioy* now rightly ſing;
Since none her knowes, but who her image beares,
And feeles the *Spirits inward witneſſing:*
All ſacred ſtuffe I to this building bring
No helpe, but he that *Abba Father* cry's,
Can teach my *Muſe* to touch this golden ſtring,
I therefore here forbeare prophane ſupply's,
My Spirit wholly on the *holy Spirit* rely's.

Well, ſaid the King, All worldly things are vaine,
And trauell which beneath the Sun he found
Compared to leſt drop or minutes gaine,
Which *Spirituall Ioy* did to his heart propound;
No reach of *Wiſards* skill, no wit profound,
Is able this true *Ioy* to comprehend,
This Muſicke wholly to the Saints doth ſound,
The inward man can onely apprehend,
Sweet liuely *Spirituall Ioy*, which neuer ſhall haue end.

No

No *Muſes* darling euer yet did dreame,
Of this ſweet wind, which where it liſts doth blow;
This onely is ſweet *Iſraels* Singers theame,
Which he by heau'nly influence did ſhow;
And then moſt, when the outward man brought low,
By paine of body, or by griefe of mind,
Did from his pen diuineſt comforts flow,
Moſt heau'nly *Joy's*, which he was wont to find,
To grow more ſtrong within, as he without declind.

Oh *Ioy* of ioy's ? vnſpeakeable delight,
Eu'n when our ſoules the powers of hell doe ſhake,
And vs with Iuſtice and due vengeance fright,
When as our guilty conſcience is awake,
That all with terrour tremble, horrour quake;
That then our gentle *beame* of heau'nly *Grace*,
Not onely ſhall from vs this horrour take,
But in *Loues armes* vs in an inſtant place,
They onely know this *Ioy*, that haue beene in this caſe.

If euer I receiued ſtrength and skill
From Heau'n, to ſcale the hill of *contemplation*,
I now doe hope Gods *gracious Spirit* will,
Me fill with Ioy for his ſweet meditation;
Oh, *bleſſed Spirit!* who by ſweet inſpiration,
Directeſt eu'ry *holy Prophets quill*,
Enlighten mine, by heau'ns illumination,
That moſt diuine ſweet *Joy's* it may diſtill
Into the Readers heart, and Mine with comfort fill.

No tongue could euer tell, no heart conceiue,
Therefore no Art is able to define
What is the *inward Ioy* which we receiue,
By *peace of conſcience*, and *Grace diuine*:
But ſure it is, that ſpeciall marke or ſigne,
Which on our ſoules the *holy Spirit of Grace*
Moſt gently doth imprint, and liuely line,
Whereby we doe behold Gods cheerefull face,
And ſpiritually feele, our *Bridegroomes* ſweet embrace.

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There is a *naturall* and *carnall Ioy*,
Beſides this *inward Ioy ſpirituall*,
By one we common bleſſings here enioy,
By th'other we in Sin and errour fall;
Thoſe be partakers of *Ioy naturall*,
That health of body haue, and worldly ſtore,
The *carnall Ioy* we ſinfull pleaſures call,
Exceſſe of meate, and wine, Lips of a whore,
And all mans vaine delights 'gainſt rule of heau'n lore.

Theſe *Ioy's*, which with falſe pleaſures vs deceiue,
Are not of kin to *Ioy ſpirituall*;
For that they alway's doe our hearts bereaue
Of inward *Joyes* pure food *Angelicall*;
Gods goodneſſe is th'efficient cauſe of all,
And though each perſon in the *Trinitie*,
May ſeeme to haue a working ſeuerall,
Yet all in one, and one in all agree,
With *Joy* here to begin mans true felicitee.

There many cauſes are materiall,
Why we this *inward Ioy* in vs ſhould haue:
Gods *freeſt grace*, which doth moſt ſurely call,
All thoſe that he elected hath to ſaue;
The *Peace of conſcience*, which *Ioy* vs gaue,
And eke the *Ioy* of our *Sanctification*:
Whereby eu'n heauens inheritance we crauc,
And certainly expect *glorification*,
And are inuited gueſts to heau'ns *participation*.

As are Gods gifts and graces infinite,
So cauſes are of *Joy ſpirituall*;
It fills my ſoule with infinite delight,
When all his benefits to mind I call;
But none like this that's *Sonne* ſhould ſaue vs all;
By that great ſecret of his Incarnation,
Which made the *Babe* into *Ioy's paſſion* fall,
At *bleſſed Mothers* heau'nly Salutation,
And made blind *Simeons* ſoule, reioyce in his Saluation.

This

This made the *Mother* of the *Babe* to ſing,
And her ſweet little *Lord* to magnifie
Her *Sauiour*, which ſhee in her armes did bring;
This made in heau'nly Hoſt ſuch melody,
When newes was brought of his *Natiuity*;
Oh *Ioy of Ioy's!* to you is borne this day
A *Sauiour*, God from all eternitie:
This made the Wiſe-men from the Eaſt to ſtray,
And offer to him gifts, that in a cradle lay.

This made the holy King, propheticall,
Though many pleaſant Lay's to Harpe hee ſing,
Straine none ſo high, and ſo patheticall,
As thoſe of his *Sonne*, *Sauiour*, *Lord*, and *King*:
Oh then each ſtroake, hee ſtrikes, to heau'n doth ring.
His heart reioyceth; and his tongue is glad,
Such Ioy doth hope of reſurrection bring,
That though his fleſh be with corruption clad,
His heart ſhall neuer faint, nor ſoule be euer ſad.

We for this *hope*, it count exceeding *Ioy*
When we doe fall, on many ſore temptations,
And when afflictions moſt abound, we *Ioy*
In *Trialls*, *Sufferings*, and *Tribulations*:
The *Angells* in their holy habitations,
At our conuerſions wondrous *Ioy* receiue,
What paſſing *Ioy* will be and delectations,
When all the *members* to their *head* ſhall cleaue,
And for ſhort Sorrowes, endleſſe recompence receiue.

My *Muſe* her ſelfe eu'n out of breath now fly's,
Rais'd vp ſo high by *Ioy Spirituall*;
Yet by *Ioy's obiects*, ſhe muſt higher riſe,
To *Father*, *Sonne*, the *Holy Ghoſt*, and all:
What greater *Ioy*, than on the *Father* call;
And how did *Abraham* reioyce to ſee?
The day of his *Redeemers* nuptiall;
Ah what more *Ioy* vnſpeakeable can bee?
Than feele the *holy Spirit of Grace* to dwell in thee.

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Oh happy Hoſt, ſuch gueſts to entertaine,
With *peace of conſcience*, their continuall feaſt,
Open you euerlaſting doores againe,
Open, *The King* ſtands knocking ready preſt;
The *King of Glory*, to come in and reſt:
Downe from the fig-tree ſpeedily then come,
And entertaine thy *Sauiour* in thy breſt,
To day Saluation is to thee come home,
With *Faith*, *Hope*, *Loue*, and *Truth* perfume thou eu'ry rome.

For without theſe, true *Ioy* will neuer ſtay,
With her muſt all the *heau'nly Graces* bide,
Long-ſuffering, *Mercy*, *Peace*, deſire to *Pray*,
God theſe hath ioyn'd, no man may them diuide,
Falſe *Ioy's* without theſe into vs may ſlide,
As ſtony ground, which did receiue the ſeed;
Did flouriſh faire, and Branch on eu'ry ſide;
But this did *Faith*, but *temporary* breed,
And we this but a *momentany Joy* areed.

There are beſides this friendly ſeeming *Ioy*,
Other that are profeſſed enemy's;
As thoſe which worldly happineſſe enioy,
And liue in pleaſures, eaſe, and jollity's:
Againſt theſe th'author of true ioy reply's,
Woe vnto you that laugh, for you ſhall waile,
Lament and howle for your iniquity's,
When Iudgement comes, and all mens hearts ſhal faile,
What then ſhall all your worldly pleaſures you auaile.

Another *Joy* againſt true *Ioy* I find,
When in true cauſe of Ioy we ſo delight,
That we omit from Luſts, to cleanſe our mind,
And valiantly 'gainſt baſe affections fight,
Ah! how can *heau'nly true Joy* take delight,
Amongſt our groſſe corruptions here to dwell,
Sure this *Reioycing* is not good and right,
A little *Leuen* makes the *whole lump* ſmell,
Our boaſtings vaine: This water's not from liuing well.

There is a counterfett, and feign'd delight,
Shew'd in the face, but comes not from the heart,
Whom I may call, *A merry Hypocrite*,
Others reioyce ſo in their owne deſert,
In their redemption they will beare a part:
Theſe are the men, whom workes muſt iuſtifie,
Alas! poore wretch! remember what thou art,
And whence thou haſt receiued thy ſupply,
And thou ſhalt ſoone from this thy *proud reioycing* ſlye.

Proud fleſh and bloud! that dares of merits boaſt,
When in thy Makers preſence thou do'ſt ſtand,
And hopeſt to regaine what *Adam* loſt,
By thine *inherent Juſtice*: thou do'ſt band,
Directly 'gainſt thy Makers glory; and,
Seek'ſt to reioyce in Iuſtice of thine owne,
Preſume not 'boue thy ſtrength to vnderſtand,
But merry be and glad in *God* alone,
Who is all *Worthineſſe*, but in thy ſelfe is none.

As thoſe which vaine applauſe of men regard,
And at their doing almes a trumpet blow;
Gaine onely praiſe of men, for their reward,
But *God* no ſuch good-workes will euer know;
So thoſe in whom theſe boaſting merits flow,
And in their meritorious workes delight,
God neuer them doth this ſound comfort ſhow,
They may awhile ſeeme goodly in mans ſight,
But neuer feele true inward *Ioy* and ſound delight.

As thoſe which onely ſee the Stars and Moone,
But neuer ſaw faire *Phœbus* glorious light,
Beleeue no cleerer lights haue euer ſhone;
Than thoſe faire Lamps, which doe adorne the night;
So thoſe that neuer knew this *true delight*,
Thoſe *heau'nly Ioy's* to holy Saints confin'd,
Thinke there moſt *Ioy*, where fleſh doth moſt delight:
But taſt they once ſweet inward *Joy* of mind,
In all theſe *worldly Ioy's* they no content can find.

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This *heau'nly Ioy* by no ſimilitude,
In Heau'n or Earth can truly be expreſt,
Yet is ſhee felt; as oft in ſimple rude,
As in the moſt profound, deepe learned breaſt;
None know her, till they be of her poſſeſt.
For as we feele the winde when it doth blow,
But whence it comes, or where it meanes to reſt,
No wit of man ere able was to ſhow;
So many feele theſe *Joy's*, but know not whence they flow.

As in the *Incarnations myſteries*,
The bleſſed Virgin ouer-ſhadowed
By th'*Holy Ghoſt*, and power of the moſt High;
Perceiu'd her fruitfull womb repleniſhed,
But knew not whence, till th'*Angell* it aread;
So wee this *Babe* of *Joy ſpirituall*,
Oft feele in vs moſt liuely quickened;
But know not how, nor whence the ſame doth fall,
Till that ſame *Spirit of Truth*, to vs reuealeth all.

And as no creature able is of man,
The *Spirit* to diſcerne, but man alone,
So of this *Spirituall Joy*, no ſpirit can
Conclude, but this ſweet ſpirituall holy One:
Some would it liken to the glorious Sunne,
Which by his liuely beames doth Life inſpire;
Where they an obiect fit to light vpon,
But I forbeare too nicely to inquire,
And rather in mine heart, to feele her *beames* deſire.

Oh *Sunne of Light! Bright Glory* of thy *Sire*,
Who when thou left'ſt the earth, thy Spirit didſt ſend,
Into our hearts ſweet comforts to inſpire,
And with vs to abide till world's laſt end:
Some good examples to my *Muſe* commend,
Of holy men, which tooke ſo much delight
In heau'nly *Joy's*, they holy them intend,
And baniſh all vaine worldly pleaſures quite
Shining like *glorious Lamps* in worlds obſcureſt night.

This *inward heate*, this *holy heau'nly fire*,
Moſt what concealed vnder aſhes ly's
Which one, till into flames they doe reſpire,
At home more eaſie, than abroad deſcry's:
Becauſe it ſelfe within beſt teſtify's,
In *Abraham* appear'd this holy flame;
When as he ſaw his *Sauiour* with his eyes
Who of his bleſſed ſeed long after came,
For *Abram* ſaw *Chriſts day* and ioyed in the ſame.

Vp *Miriam* vp, thou merily canſt ſing;
Now through the Red Sea thou art ſafely paſt,
Hereby our Baptiſme then prefiguring,
That when *Repentance* vs with teares hath waſh't,
With *Joy* wee *Egypts Bondage* of ſhould caſt:
But neuer did more *Ioyfull muſicke* ſound,
Than *Dauids*: when he of this *Ioy* did taſt,
Reſtore mee to thoſe wonted *Ioy's* I found,
And euer let thy *holy Spirit* in me abound.

Oh bleſſed *Bridegroome* of the faireſt *Bride*,
How often when ſhee ſeeketh thee by night,
Doeſt thou thy *Ioyfull preſence* from her hide?
That wanting, ſhee in thee may more delight:
How oft againe, when thou do'ſt her inuite?
Riſe my belou'd, and ope to mee the doore,
Such is her niceneſſe, and her ſluggiſh ſprite;
Shee will not riſe to let thee in, before
Thou thence art gone; And then thy loſſe ſhee doth deplore.

Theſe are the *apples*, *odours*, *nuts*, and *wine*,
Which comfort her, when ſhee is ſicke of *Loue*;
Theſe *Chriſts embraces* that doe her entwine,
The *kiſſes* which he giues his *Turtle Doue*:
Milke, *ſpice*, *pomegranats*, which ſhee ſo doth loue,
All theſe are *inward Joy's* the *Bride* hath here,
Whereof ſhe with the *Bridegroomes* friends doth proue;
And eates and drinkes with *Joy* and *merry cheere*,
Yea drinkes abundantly with her *beloued deare*.

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This was the *Ioy*, that him was ſet before,
That did endure the *Croſſe*, deſpiſe the *ſhame*,
And Lord of all, became low, naked, pore,
Enduring death vs to excuſe from blame!
His *Martyrs* and *Apoſtles* in the ſame
Suffrings and croſſes him haue followed;
And trode the *wine-preſſe* as their order came,
Where ſome in ſcorching flames more Ioy's haue red,
Than wearied Limbs could find, in ſofteſt downy bed.

This 'twas the *Kingly Prophet* ſo admir'd,
When loathing all worlds pompe and glory vaine,
He this one onely thing of God deſir'd,
For euer in his *Temple* to remaine,
To view the Beautie of that *heau'nly traine:*
This made him leaue his purple Crowne and Throne,
And in a linnen *Ephod* dance amaine:
For this would *Conſtantine* be rather one
Of *Chriſt his members*, then the *Empires* head alone.

But why ſeeke I for witneſſes without,
Since 'tis the *Spirit within* that teſtify's,
Our Soule that without wauering or doubt,
With *Peace of Conſcience, Abba Father Cry's:*
Vnto whoſe Soule this *Spirit* eke reply's,
Be glad and Ioyfull, I am thy ſaluation
Be not afraid - My *Grace* ſhall thee ſuffice
To conquer *Hell*; And to reſiſt temptation,
And yeeld the ſoundeſt *Ioy* in greateſt tribulation.

I will make glad thy ſoule, delight thine heart,
And with a cheerefull countenance will ſmile,
For *I am thine*, and *mine* againe thou art;
And though afflictions here thee ſquare and file,
No power in Earth or Hell ſhall thee beguile
Of thoſe ſweet *Ioy's*, which are for thee prepar'd:
Oh tarry thou my leaſure but a while,
And thy petitions all, I will regard,
Delight in mee, I am thy hope, and iuſt reward.

O

Oh! who can heare theſe Ioyous inuitations,
Theſe bleſſed promiſes, and yet complaine,
That hee's afraid of croſſe, or tribulations:
Oh! neuer let theſe worldly pleaſures vaine,
Make me ſo great a looſer for their gaine;
And let me here all worldly griefes endure,
Lord onely free me from eternall paine,
This inward *Ioy* ſhall euer me aſſure,
And on thy merits I in all, will reſt ſecure.

Who would not rather couet there to dwell,
Where *fulneſſe is of Ioy* for euermore,
Than in falſe vaine delights, which leads to Hell
Voluptuous Diet, flatt'rings of a Whore;
I rather had with *Dauid* keepe a dore
Where inward *Ioy*, may in my ſoule abouud;
Than ſwim in pleaſures and preferments ſtore,
In Princes Courts, where vaine delights are found,
Which like faire flowers fade, and quickly fal to ground.

But I confeſſe, this prouerb true I find,
That where *Gods Church* is raiſing, there to build,
His *Chappell* is the *Deuill* moſt inclin'd,
And where beſt ſeed is ſowne in Ground well till'd,
He with moſt *tares* and *weeds* it alway's fill'd:
Vaine pleaſures, are his *tares*, true *Ioy's* our *wheate*,
Till harueſt both together grow in field,
Then will the *Lord of Harueſt* ſurely beat,
The cockle from pure corne, at his owne board to eate.

Fountaine of *Ioy!* oh ſet thy whole delight;
Into thy Lawes and Statutes to enquire;
To meditate thereon both day and night,
My ſoule than Gold doth more theſe *Ioy's* deſire.
Let others honour, wealth, and wine admire;
Lift, Lord, on me thy louing countenance,
Thy *louing fauour*, ſhall my Soule raiſe higher,
Than *Princes* higheſt *fauours* can aduance,
To heau'nly *ſpirituall wealth*, not ſubiect vnto chance.

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In holy Writ, I many places find,
From whence doe flow theſe *Ioy's ſpirituall*,
But no where faſter, than within my mind,
Oh Lord! Thon know'ſt; not I; from whence they fall:
God of all *Peace*, and *Ioy perpetuall*;
Let not my *Ioy A temporary* proue,
But with her in mine heart thy *Graces* all
Infuſe, *Faith*, *Mercy*, *Patience*, *Peace*, and *Loue*;
To paſſe by things below, and ſeeke for things aboue.

Of endleſſe *Ioy* how ſhould I make an end?
My *Muſe* is neuer weary of delight;
Since I this *Meditation* did intend,
I neuer ſcarce could ſleepe by day or night.
So doth the pleaſing matter me inuite;
So full of *rimes*, and ſo the *numbers* run:
That I in ſhorter time haue finiſh't quite,
This taſt of *Ioy*, than I haue earſt begun
Some other *Graces*: But my hower-glaſſe hath done.

FINIS.

THE BRIDES ORNAMENTS,

Viz.

Fiue Diuine and Morall

MEDITATIONS.

1. *Prudence.*
2. *Obedience.*
3. *Meekenesse.*
4. *Gods Word.*
5. *Prayer.*

IOB 28. 28.

The feare of the Lord is wisdome, and to depart from euill is vnderstanding.

LONDON,
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1625.

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Aylett, R.

TO

MY MOST TRVE, WOR

THY, LOVING FRIEND, AN

deareſt Brother, RICHARD CRA-
KANTHORPE, Doctor of Diui-
nitie, and one of his Maieſties
Chaplens in Ordinarie.

NOt Nature, Order, or Affinity
Can Friendſhips ſacred knot *ſo ſurely tye*
As choice: *For euer there we find the* groun
Of Loue *and* Friendſhip *moſt entirely ſoun*
As their Deſires are like, ſo one there end,
Which is to be, and haue a faithfull friend.
I, that vnto mine owne defects am conſcious,
Of ſuch an honour durſt not be ambitious,
Till thou wert pleas'd to call mee Friend and Brother,
(I know not that thou deign'ſt it any other)
Wherefore whil'ſt Time *Life to my* Lines *ſhall giue,*
Our Friendſhips memory *in them ſhall liue,*
Who of true Friendſhip *know no other end,*
Than here to haue and bee

A faithfull Friend.

ROBERT AYLET.

THE BRIDES ORNAMENTS.

MEDITAT. I.

of WISDOME *and* PRVDENCE.

THE first degree to *Wisdome* is the misse
Of *Folly*: For as *Darknesse* the priuation
Is of *Lights* Being, But no Being is,
So *Folly* is of *wise illumination*:
And as in *Chaos* rude, at first Creation
There was all *Darknesse* by the want of *Light*:
So in all men before their renouation
Are *Folly's* mists, and errours blackest night,
Till there the *Spirit moue*, which all things doth inlight.

The *Poets* which did wondrously transcend
In making *Mystery's* by *Fictions* plaine,
All other *Graces* as diuine commend,
But *Wisdome* they to be a *Goddesse* faine;
Minerua, who proceedeth from the braine
Of *Iupiter*; whom they the *Mistris* hight
Of all the *Graces* and the *Muses* traine,
To whom shee oft descends for her delight,
Weary'd with toile of *Gouernment*, and *Martiall fight*.

Thus her of *Warre*, *Peace*, *Politie*, and *Arts*
They *Goddesse* make, as if they should her call
The *Wisdome God* the *Father* thus imparts
Vnto the *Sonne*, to make rule, order all;
With *God* the *Father* Coessentiall,
As all his *Attributes*, *Power*, *Truth*, and *Loue*,
For on the *Persons Consubstantiall*
No *accident* can fall or thence remoue,
This Soules faint eye conceiues of *Wisdome* from aboue.

Which

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Which is vnto my *minds* obſcured *eye*,
As to my *Body's Sunne* in Firmament,
The farther off, the eaſier to deſcry,
For neereneſſe breedeth but aſtoniſhment,
Oh glorious *Wiſdome*, *Sun* moſt orient;
Into my ſoule, with *Folly* clouded ſhine,
Some clearer *beames* of wiſdome excellent,
The whil'ſt I ſing theſe radiant rayes of thine,
Which make a *mortall* wight ſeeme gloriouſly *diuine*.

What and how great is wiſdomes heau'nly skill,
No heart of man is able to conceiue,
Much leſſe expreſſe by any tongue or quill,
For none but *Wiſdome*, *wiſdome* can perceiue:
The cauſe vnknowne of nothing ſhee doth leaue,
A *Numen* of ſuch wondrous excellence,
Shee doth no *good* but from her ſelfe receiue;
Being her owne *end*, *ayme*, and *recompence*,
No *good* in Heau'n or Earth, but flow's from *Sapience*.

And therefore call'd the proper *Good of Joue*,
Which though to *Men* and *Angells* hee diſpence
In wiſe proportion, yet from him doth moue
All wiſdome, and to him hath reference;
For as in *Power* ſo in *Sapience*,
He doth all other heau'nly *Powers* tranſcend,
For *Wiſdome* Ground is of *Omnipotence*,
And as we *Mortalls* on her *heſts* attend,
So neerer io diuine perfection we aſcend.

Such is true *Wiſdom's* glory, that eu'n they
Seeme much to doubt, who doe her moſt admire;
Whither we properly poſſeſſe her may,
And by continuall induſtry acquire;
Or that the Heau'ns her ſecretly inſpire:
In briefe, no price or gold can her obtaine,
Shee ſeemes to be ſome flame of heau'nly fire
In *Adam* breath'd, before by *Folly* ſlaine,
Which therefore we muſt ſeeke to haue from heau'n againe.

Schooles

Schooles her to be the *knowledge* doe define
Of things *diuine*, and *humane*, which in breaſt
Of *Mortalls*, if it pure and liuely ſhine
Makes him, like God, vnmou'd and ſtable reſt:
For as no chance of *Fortune* can moleſt
The *Power* diuine, So *wiſemen* doe enioy
Within themſelues, by *Wiſdome*, *Peace*, and *Reſt*;
Nothing that is without can them annoy,
All ſeeming Miſeries giue place to Inward Ioy.

Yet falls this *Wiſdome* ſhort of that Diuine,
Which *Adam* did poſſeſſe before his fall:
And as Sun-beames through clouds, ſo doth ſhe ſhine
Through our corruptions, ſcarſe diſcern'd at all,
Wee *common* and more *exquiſite* her call;
That ſee things that are paſt, and things in ſight,
This things which in ſucceeding times may fall;
Wee her, as ſhee guides mens affayres aright,
Call *Prudence*; Wiſdome, as ſhee doth in God delight.

Wiſdome and *Prudence* in an humane breaſt,
Are one ſame *Grace*, though diuers by relation:
Wiſdome referres to God, *Prudence* doth reſt,
Moſt in a wiſe and vpright moderation
Of *States* and *Men* by *Law's* adminiſtration:
By *Wiſdome* here we ſee the *life of Grace*,
By *Prudence* in a *ciuill conuerſation*;
Prudence amongſt the heathen had a place,
True *heau'nly wiſdome* only *Gods elect* doth grace.

This heau'nly *wiſdome*, whereby we conuerſe
With God, and take delight in holy things,
Doth our affections all, and wills peruerſe
Set right, and neere diuine perfection brings;
Shee firſt, like good *Muſitian*, tunes the ſtrings,
And then ſends forth a moſt harmonious ſound:
Firſt lifts our Soules to heau'n vpon her wings,
Next orders all by *Prudence* on the ground,
Like Leach who ere he others cure, himſelfe makes ſound.

Shee

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She first *within* in order sets the heart,
Next is for *outward* things most prouident;
No *Grace* more *Good* to *Mortalls* doth impart,
Nor none more *euills* here on earth preuent,
She shew's her *inward Graces* God hath lent;
By outward manners, habit, graue attire;
Few words, pure hands, in all such complement,
Such gesture publike, and in her retire,
As all her for a heau'nly patterne doe admire.

But most of all a *wiseman* striues to tame
Both in himselfe, and others Sin and Lust:
For hee that Good from Ill discern's, doth blame
False varnish't show's defil'd with inward rust:
He *Pride*, *Pompe*, *Boasting*, *Scorne* away doth thrust,
And from a pure *Serenity* of mind
A paterne draw's of Life most quiet, iust;
Far from opinions false, and errour blind,
And guides at sterne, as in a calme, so in the wind.

In Warre most valiant, in Iudgement iust;
Ill, vnto Good, things hurtfull, turn's to sound;
Will's still the same, because the best, no Gust
Of fate oppresseth him, if Wealth abound,
Or Pouertie, he still the same is found;
And doth with pleasing *Constancy* endure
All Fortunes changes, which doe others wound;
True, innocent, sincere, iust, simple, pure,
And as his *Life*, his *Death* is ioyfull, sweet, secure.

The *Poets* faine that in the *golden Age*,
Graue, *wise*, *experienc'd* men bare all the sway,
And the *vnexpert* young, not yet growne sage,
To *learne Law's rules* first practis'd to obey,
For *Prudence* all by *leuell* orders ay,
And by a long *Experience* doth discerne,
How she prouide for future changes may,
By *precept*, and *example* much we learne;
But that imprints most deepe, which doth our selues concern.

Examples,

Examples, Precepts, and *Experience*,
Are euer ready at a *Wiſemans* hand,
To teach him *Iudgement, Counſell, Prouidence*,
Of which we alway's here in need doe ſtand:
By *Counſell* we the Grounds doe vnderſtand
Of things we ought to doe, or leaue vndone:
Iudgement our *Wills* and *Senſes* doth command,
What things we ought embrace, and what to ſhun,
And *Prouidence* prouides for things that are to come.

I praiſe not here that cunning *Politie*,
Which maketh of anothers *Folly*, gaine;
This comes of *Malice, Guile*, and *Subtiltie*,
Which generous braue *Prudence* doth diſdaine:
Such alway's euill counſell entertaine,
The *Apes of Prudence, Reaſons* deprauation,
Whoſe *minds* (as *hands* grow hard by taking paine)
Are by baſe plots, and ſubtill magination
Inured vnto others wrongs and ſupplantation.

As *Quickneſſe* wit, As *Soundneſſe* memory,
Graue lookes the Face, and *Plainneſſe ſpeech* commend;
So *Iudgements* praiſe is in *Equalitie*,
Without leaſt doing wrong to Foe or Friend:
And as ſalt ſauours, ſo doth Iudgement bend
Eu'n all our *words, thoughts, workes*, to good or ill;
Without this *Iudgement, Prudence* doth intend
Nothing; for ſhee is *Miſtreſſe* of her *Will*,
Which ſhe with all her power labours to fulfill.

Counſell and *Iudgement* are the very eyes
And *Lamps* here, to direct a prudent mind;
Which they who want, or fooliſhly miſpriſe,
Walke on in *Folly*, and in *Errour* blind:
We many ignorant vaine *Fooles* doe find,
So wiſe in their conceit and eſtimation;
They thinke all *wiſdome* in their breaſts confin'd,
Theſe being bound by double obligation
To Folly, there's no hope of any reformation.

Aylett, R.
10048

Prudence and *Folly*, in the Soule of man,
Like *Health* and *Sickneſſe* in his Body are;
As *Health* the Body keepes, ſo *Prudence* can
The Soule deliuer from the *Deuills* ſnare:
And as *Diſeaſes* here the thread doth ſhare
Of *Body's* Life; So *Folly* ſoone doth rend
The *Soule* with *pleaſures* vaine, and *worldly care*:
For as ſtrong men within a Fort defend;
So *Prudent* Thoughts our ſoules from *Satans* fury ſhend.

And as, among the noble *ſenſes* fiue,
The Sight doth all the reſt in worth excell,
Becauſe all doe their Light from her deriue,
And ſhee all that offends them doth repell:
So *Prudence* all the *vertues* doth precell;
Becauſe, by Light God ſends her from aboue,
Shee counſells all the *Graces* to do well;
For without her no *Grace* aright can moue
Prudence of all the reſt the Gouernour doth proue.

Vliſſes Prudence, *Aiax* Fortitude;
Whil'ſt they each other doe accompany
Win City's, conquer men, and monſters rude:
But if they ſquare for Gaine or Dignity,
And *Aiax* leaues *Vliſſes* company,
His valour turnes to *Folly* or to rage:
So men of greateſt *magnanimity*,
When they the *Guidance* leaue of *Prudence* ſage,
Grow *beaſtly*, *mad*, or *fooliſh* in their later age.

I may her liken to the *Prince* of Day,
From whom all leſſer *Lamps* doe borrow Light;
Who when he doth his glorious *Beames* diſplay,
The reſt all ſeeme to be extinguiſh't quite:
So when as *heau'nly Wiſdome*, wondrous bright,
Her ſelfe amongſt the *Graces* doth diſcloſe,
They all doe ſeeme to vaniſh in her ſight,
As all the *Glory* that they haue aroſe (diſpoſe.
From thoſe bright Beames, which *wiſdome* doth on them

As

As *God* the *world*, The *Emperour* his *hoſt*,
The *Gouernour* his *Ship*, the *Sunne* the *day*,
And as the *Body's* ruled by the Ghoſt,
So doth faire *Prudence* all the *vertues* ſway:
And as theſe, like good Guides, direct the way
Vnto their charge, to reach their proper end:
So doth *true wiſdome*, all that her obey
To endleſſe happineſſe and pleaſure ſend;
Moſt happy man who doth her holy heſts attend.

May his heart die like *Nabals* churle and foole,
Or like *Achitophel* end with a ſtring;
Laugh in the ſtocks, cleaue to the ſcorners ſtoole,
That liſtens not to heau'nly counſelling
Of *Wiſdome*, and her ſweet admoniſhing,
Shee hath prouided *victualls*, powr'd out *wine*,
Sent out her *Maids* vs to the *feaſt* to bring,
To bid thoſe that ſeeke *Knowledge* come and dine;
And thoſe that *Prudence* want to taſt her *grapes* diuine.

For ſhee's the *Vine*, whoſe *grapes* yeeld pleaſing ſmell,
Whoſe *Fruit* and *Flowers*, *Wealth*, *Life*, *Honour* are;
The *Garden* where *Chriſt deareſt Spouſe* doth dwell,
Planted with all the *Herbs* and *Spices* rare,
Which to adorne his *Church* he doth prepare:
Would thou one word which ſhould her worth containe
He hath true Wiſdome, who the Lord doth feare,
And who know's holy things doth entertaine
Right *vnderſtanding*, without this the reſt are vaine.

She as the *Prince* or *Generall* doth guide
All other *Graces* in *Loues* ſacred band,
Doth order, marſhall, and for them prouide,
As th'*Eye*, which all the members doth command:
The Gouernours of Men, of Cities, and
Of Families, and each mans priuate ſtate,
She orders *wiſely* by her *prudent* hand,
And they that duely on *Diſcretion* waite,
Command the *Stars*, and rule eu'n ouer *Time* and *Fate*.

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Aylett, R.

As *ſhadow's* more directly oppoſite
To *Sunnes* bright *Rayes*, ſeeme ſhort by being neere,
When thoſe, which are much farther from the light,
More goodly faire and long by farre appeare:
So who ſmall *Knowledge* haue attained here,
Thereof doe alway's make a greater ſhow
Than thoſe, whoſe vnderſtanding ſhining cleare,
Doe all the Paths of *heau'nly wiſdome* know,
For with true *Wiſdome* alway's *Humbleneſſe* doth grow.

And as Gods *Wiſdome* doth no leſſer ſeeme
In *ſmalleſt* creatures, as a *Gnat* or *Fly*,
Than *Greater*; ſo we ought no leſſe eſteeme
Wiſemen in low *degree* then *Dignitie*:
The *Snaile* a mirrour is of *Politie*,
Who with her hornes keepes alway's ſentinell,
And neuer commeth out before ſhee try,
If things without be all in Peace and well
Elſe ſhe, retyring home, liues quiet in her ſhell.

Oh ſonnes of men that you could but behold!
The wondrous *Beauty* of this heau'nly *Peare*;
But nought on earth her *Beauty* can vnfold
Her Glory in the Heau'ns doth ſhine moſt cleare;
In all Gods workes her ſplendour doth appeare,
She firſt from Heau'n vouchſafed to deſcend
To liue in *Judah*, with her choſen deare:
But now her *Beames* more ample doe extend,
To all the Nations of the earth ſhe light doth lend.

She taught our *Father* that was made alone,
To raiſe himſelfe to Glory from his fall;
But Enuy turn'd from her his fooliſh ſonne,
And made by *Fratricide* and *Fury* fall:
Loe when the Floud the world deſtroyed all,
She it preſerues by one *wiſe* worke of *Wood*:
The *dead Sea* yet is the memoriall
Of fooliſh *City's fiue*, which there erſt ſtood,
Where ſhe ſau'd *Lot* from fire, as *Noah* from the ſloud.

To tell what wonders haue beene by her wrought,
Were too to long for this ſhort meditation;
They in Gods Booke are eaſily found, if ſought,
For there indeed is *Wiſdom's* commendation;
Where ſhe vs doth, with wary obſeruation,
Vnto the *Cony* and the *Piſmire* ſend,
To learne to get our food and habitation,
Whoſe meaner Wiſdome if we muſt attend,
Much more wiſe *Heathens* ſayings moſt diuinely pend.

One being asked, who was moſt wiſe, reply'd
He that ſinn'd leaſt; when one of them deſir'd
To learne who was for youth the truſtieſt *Guid:*
He anſwer'd, *Prudence*: And in's ſonne requir'd
Only three things, which he in *youth* admir'd:
In his *tongue ſilence*; *Prudence* in his *mind*;
Shamefaſtneſſe in his *Face*: when one requir'd
How he the *greateſt* in the *leaſt* might find;
He anſwer'd, *prudent thoughts* in *humane* breaſt confin'd.

This was an *Ethnick*: But how doth ſhe ſhine,
When ſhe is ioyn'd with pure *ſimplicitie?*
When as that *holy wiſdome ſerpentine*,
Combines with *doue-like* true *ſincerity:*
Oh thus the Saints by holy ſubtilty,
Walke ſafe amongſt worlds crooked generation:
Thus walk'd our *Sauiour* in *Humilitie*,
And though the wicked plot his condemnation,
Yet neuer could they touch him, but by ſubornation.

Oh how ſhould we that haue this mirrour bright!
This *Sun* of *Wiſdome* labour here to ſhine
Like Stars, which from the *Sun* receiue their light,
And to *ſincerity* true *columbine*,
Ioyne this wiſe *holy Prudence ſerpentine:*
Vs to conduct through this worlds wilderneſſe,
And a moſt ſafe and perfect way out line
Through *Iordans waues*, to *Land* of *Happineſſe*,
Where *Manſions* ready built, we ſhall for ay poſſeſſe.

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Aylett, R.

And *Vineyards* planted, whence the *Cananite*,
For wicked *Treaſon* 'gainſt his *Maieſty*,
God hath expell'd to *Hell*, and darkeſt night,
Proud *Lucifer* and all his company:
Oh why ſhould'ſt thou aduance baſe duſt ſo high!
Whoſe *earthly Manſion* keepes his *Spirit* low,
And will not let his *vnderſtanding* flye
To ſee what goodly *cluſters* there doe grow,
In heau'nly *Canaan*, where *Milke* and *Hony* flow.

We hardly here of things below diſcerne,
And with great *paines* what is before vs find;
Ah how ſhall we than able be to learne
Thy *Wiſdome*, which no limits haue confin'd:
Thy Spirit onely can into our mind
Theſe hidden myſteries, in Chriſt reueale,
In which the Princes of the world were blind;
For from man naturall thou doſt conceale
This *Wiſdome ſpirituall*, which thou to thine do'ſt deale.

For as none know's the *Spirit* of a man,
But that ſame *Spirit* that within doth dwell:
So nothing apprehend this *Wiſdome* can
But that wiſe *Spirit* that all *Truth* doth tell,
Oh *Sacred Spirit of Truth*! my heart compell
This *holy Sapience* to entertaine,
Thou only giu'ſt to drinke of *Wiſdom's* Well;
Mans *wiſdom's wickedneſſe*, his *thoughts* are *vaine*,
His *knowledge* is but *errour*, and his *pleaſure paine*.

Thou didſt create eu'n all things by thy *Word*,
And by thy *heau'nly Wiſdome* didſt ordaine
Man of thy handy workes to be the *Lord*,
That he in *Truth* and *Equitie* might raigne,
And with an vpright heart the right maintaine:
Oh therefore downe thine *heau'nly wiſdome* ſend,
Me in all *Truth* and *vprightneſſe* to traine,
She ſhall my Words and Works to thee commend,
And bring my ſmall *beginnings* to a *perfect end*.

And here with *Praiſe* and *Prayer* I will end,
Oh who aright can *know* or *vnderſtand*,
Except thou *Wiſdome* from thy *Throne* do'ſt ſend,
To giue vnto him what thou doſt command:
Then grant me *Wiſdome* alway's to withſtand
Hells ſubtill *Plots*, and *Worlds* baſe *Blandiments*,
Let *ſacred Prudence* euer be at hand,
Still to direct my *words*, *acts*, and *intents*,
To yeeld *Obedience* to thy Commandements.

MEDITAT. II.

of OBEDIENCE.

WHen firſt th'Almighty, by his only Word,
Had faſhion'd all within the Firmament:
He made Man laſt, to be their King and Lord,
That he to him might be obedient:
But Man not with this *Monarchy* content,
Diuide *his homage* to *omnipotence*;
And hauing but one *ſmall Commandement*,
Tranſgreſſed it by Diſobedience:
The *eaſier* the Command, the *greater* the Offence.

This all the *Sonnes of Adam* doe deriue
From him, and call it guilt Originall,
Which by th'*Eternall Law* did vs depriue
Of all Gods Benefits, and did enthrall
To endleſſe Bondage, till *Chriſt* for this Fall,
The price of his moſt precious bloud did pay,
Which vs recouers from *Sins actuall*,
And by obeying Gods whole *Law*, doth ſtay
His wrath, And merits Heau'n for all that him obay.

1004ε Aylett, R.

For as by *firſt mans Diſobedience*
On all men commeth Death and Condemnation;
So by the *ſeconds* true *Obedience*,
We haue eternall Life, and ſure *Saluation*:
Thus Diſobedience, by deriuation
From *Adam*, bringeth endleſſe wretchednеſſe,
And true Obedience, by imputation
Conuay's from *Chriſt* eternall Happineſſe;
So by the *firſt* comes *ſin*, by *ſecond Righteouſneſſe*.

The glorious robe of perfect *Righteouſneſſe*,
Which they that are obedient onely weare,
To couer that foule ſhame and wickedneſſe,
Which *Adams Diſobedience* layed bare:
Ah! let a *Diſobedient Sinner* dare,
The aid of the *Obedient Lamb* deſire,
My Will and Actions, Tongue and Heart to ſquare,
In due proportion to his heau'nly ſquire,
Whil'ſt I of true *Obedience* prayſes doe enquire.

Deuouteſt *Lady!* Handmaid to the *Queene*
Of *heau'nly Loue*, And ſo in duty bound,
That ſhee's alway's preſt and ready ſeene,
To doe what thing ſoeuer ſhe propound:
Her heart, words, will and deeds all one are found,
Seruing for *Loue*, and not for *Feare* or *Gaine*,
No Subiect merits better to be crown'd;
For who can beſt obay, he beſt can raigne,
And ſhe is ſhortly ſure, eternall *Crownes* to gaine.

If I may ſquare Her by the Rules of Art,
I her define to be our *Wills ſubiection*
To *Him*, that ought to rule both will and heart,
And by his will diſpoſeth our beſt affection:
The rule of Reaſon may be our direction,
How our ſuperiours Statutes we obay;
But when the Lord commands, there's no election
Nor doubting, what we ought to doe or ſay,
Gods will's the rule of Right, which none may *diſobey*.

Her

Here in two Branches, I might her diuide,
Obedience firſt to *God*, and ſecondly
To our *Superiours*, that on earth abide,
But all is but to one Authority:
For there's no Power or precedency,
But that which higheſt Power doth ordaine;
Who therefore doth reſiſt mans Soueraignty,
Gods ordinance reſiſteth, and againe
Who duly it obay's, Gods Statutes doth maintaine.

Thus muſt our hearts, eares, hands be all attent
His Word and Will in all things to obey,
Who ouer vs hath lawfull *Regiment*,
Which is one God, eternall, bleſt for ay;
Whoſe *ſeruants* all we are, And therefore may
Not chuſe a *Lord*, or *Maſter* whom we will,
Nor ſerue two *maſters*, leaſt we diſobay
The one, when we the others mind fulfill,
For that which pleaſeth *one*, doth croſſe the *others* will.

Thus our *obedience* is only due
To him, that all did for his ſeruice make;
And 'tis a firme poſition ſound and true;
God only for himſelfe; But *for his ſake*,
All that from him Authoritie doe take
We truly and ſincerely ought obey:
Or elſe our bounden dutie we forſake,
As thoſe which doe their Princes diſobey,
When they their lawfull Officers commands gainſay.

For this whole *world* is like a *family*,
In all things well and iuſtly ordered;
Where *God* hath the ſupreame authority,
And *Rulers* theirs from him deliuered,
By which they doe command as in his ſtead;
Who then to them are *diſobedient*,
They may be ſaid to diſobey the *Head:*
For whil'ſt they rightly vſe their gouernment,
We ought them to obey in things indifferent.

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Aylett, R.

Indeed all ought regard the *Supreme Will*,
As *first commanding cauſe*, and *end* of all;
Which all that Being haue, ought to fulfill,
From which as all things riſe, ſo all muſt fall;
Here therefore firſt, we into mind will call:
To whom that will commands vs to obay,
For in *obeying* their commands we ſhall
Obey that *Supreme Will*: This is the way
To make *Gods Will* the Cauſe, of all we doe or ſay.

To Him; we muſt be ſubiect, *firſt* of all,
To whom all Power in Heau'n and Earth is lent;
The *Sonne of God begotten, naturall*,
Next to his *Miniſters*, which he hath ſent:
Apoſtles, Paſtors, Doctors, here are meant;
Which by his Word doe teach their *Maſters Will*,
And rule his *Church*, by godly Gouernment,
And thoſe, which *heare theſe, his commands* fulfill,
And thoſe which them *deſpiſe*, *deſpiſe* his heau'nly Will.

As *Kings*, which with great Honour doe conuay
Princes *Ambaſſadours*, it doe intend
Vnto their *Lords*, So we our *Lord obay*
When we *obey* the *Legates* he doth ſend:
The *ſecond* Power is that which God doth lend
To Kings and Princes, for to delegate
Iudges, to puniſh thoſe which doe offend,
And to maintaine the Life, Peace, and eſtate
Of eu'ry member, that maintaines the Bodies ſtate;

To this all Subiects owe *Obedience*;
The *third* obedience is, which wife doth owe
Vnto her Head, who due Beneuolence
For Dutie, ought vnto his wife to ſhew:
For as the *Church*, ſo ought the Wife to know
Her due Subiection vnto her *Head*,
And as our *Chriſt* directs his Church below:
So wiues muſt be by husbands ordered,
But this of wiues is better knowne, then practiſed.

So is th'*obedience*, which Children owe
Vnto their Parents, by Commandement
And promiſe, they ſhall long, and good day's know,
If they to them will be obedient.
The fift and laſt is *Maſters* Gouernment,
And *Seruants* Duty which they ſhould them beare,
Which ought to be with ſingle true intent,
Not for eye-ſeruice, wages, or for feare;
But as they would obey eu'n *Chriſt* their *Maſter* deare.

Thus ought we to obey theſe fiue degrees,
Set ouer vs: Becauſe we ſo obay
The higheſt Power, And if their iuſt decrees
We ſleight, that higheſt Power we diſobay:
Far wide then diſobedient *ſpirits* ſtray,
Which by Religion, would all reuerence
Exclude, due vnto *Magiſtrates*, and ſay
They vnto no man owe obedience,
A falſe excuſe of *Schiſme* and all vnreuerence.

Obedience preſerueth *Vnity*,
And helpeth to this great worlds conſeruation,
As Heau'ns and Earth doe by due Obſequy
Obey their glorious Makers Ordination;
Behold how all things in this worlds Creation,
Doe by their Makers order ſtand or moue;
Earth keepes her *Center* for mans preſeruation,
The *Heau'ns* turne all in motion round aboue,
Without *Obedience* one would out another ſhoue.

And thus we may *Obedience* obſerue,
To hold our *members* in due motion ay,
Whil'ſt one doth to another member ſerue,
And all vnto the *Spirit* doe obay,
The *Soule of man*, which doth by reaſon ſway
Eu'n all the *members*, to their preſeruation,
And if the leaſt of them doe diſobay,
Shee either ſeekes their better reformation,
Or one endangers all, to endleſſe condemnation.

Aylett, R.
1004e

For whilſt man here doth on the earth remaine,
Sin and corruption in his Body dwell:
Seeking therein as *Lord* and *King* to raigne,
But *Grace* doth ſtriue by force them to expell:
If *bondſlaues* we our ſelues to *Sin* doe ſell,
And giue our members here Luſts to obay,
We yeeld vnto ſuch Luſts as lead to Hell;
But if that *Grace* our *Soule* aright doth ſway,
Then all the *members* follow Her the *narrow way*.

Remoue this Vertue of *Obedience*
From Soule or Body, Subiect, City, Towne,
Or from the Creatures wanting life and ſenſe,
And all vnto Confuſion tumble downe:
The Tower of *Babel* might to Heau'n haue growne,
Had all obay'd with mutuall diligence:
But ſuddainly we ſee it ouerthrowne,
When to *obay* they want intelligence,
For without *vnderſtanding* no *Obedience*.

As to maintaine Heau'ns perfect vnitie,
All to one *ſurpeame Trinity* obay;
So all that haue with it Affinitie,
Subiect themſelues to that one *God* for ay:
No wonder if thoſe that him *diſobay*,
To many *Errours*, *Schiſmes*, and *Sects* doe fall,
For one *true Vnity* they doe gainſay,
When they reſiſt his Ordinances ſhall,
And *diſobey* Gods Word, that here directeth all.

Mee thinkes my *Muſe* could here her ſelfe tranſcend,
By muſing of th'*obedience* aboue,
Which from the *Sonne* to *Father* doth aſcend,
And *Angells*, who *obeying* Feare and Loue,
Alas what can th'eternall Power moue!
Obedience of poore wretches to require,
But vs to ioyne to *Chriſt* our Head in *Loue*,
As he is ioy'nd to God in due deſire,
Vnto no other end *Obedience* doth aſpire.

Fo

For as when in a wild and fruitleſſe ſtocke
We doe ſome noble impe inoculate;
The fruit erſt baſe and wild, like to the Blocke,
Is made as goodly, faire, and delicate
As *Tree* which firſt this imp did generate:
So the leaſt imp of *Chriſts Obedience*,
In vs ingraft, doth vs regenerate;
And makes vs beare fruit of like excellence,
As *liuely tree*, from which it firſt had influence.

For all that from ſtocke of firſt *Adam* come,
Beare thoſe ſowre fruits of *Diſobedience*;
But all, that doe ingraft againe become
In ſecond *Adams* true *Obedience*,
Bring forth ſweet fruits, like liuely tree, from whence
They haue receiued firſt their ſap to ſpring;
Swee liuing *Vine!* whoſe ſacred influence,
Vs makes *obedient* to our Lord and King,
Ah! who the praiſes of thy noble fruit can ſing?

It did aduance that holy *Prophets* quill,
When He in *volume of the booke* did find,
Written, that thou ſhouldſt Gods whole Law fulfill,
Whereto thou wert withall thine heart inclin'd:
And when the time was come thereto aſſign'd,
Thou wert *obedient* to all *Gods* will,
Performing it with all thine heart and mind,
Ev'n till the *Iewes* thee on the *Croſſe* did kill,
When thou reſiſted'ſt not, though they thy bloud did ſpill.

Obedient Lamb! this was the *ſacrifice*,
The *offering* God did for ſin require;
Thus We muſt offer vp to God, likewiſe
Our Soules and Body's, with like *zealous* fire
To dye, if not *indeed*, yet in *deſire*:
Quick, holy, acceptable Offering,
To pacifie Gods *Iuſtice* and his Ire,
Is when to him obedient hearts we bring
And crucifie thoſe Luſts, which from our Fleſh doe ſpring.

1004a
Aylett, R.

As from the boundleſſe *Ocean* doe run
All ſtreames which doe returne into the *Maine*,
So from one *paterne of Obedience* come
All ours, and thither doth returne againe;
The *Lamb* that was from worlds beginning ſlaine
Gaue the firſt blow to *Diſobedience*,
Which *Iſaack* imitates when he is laine,
On Altar to be ſacrificed thence,
Whom truly *Abram* offer'd by *Obedience*.

This was that *quiet ſauour* God did ſmell,
When offring one of each cleane bird and beaſt,
The good old *Noah* pleas'd the Lord ſo well;
Obedience was the Seaſoning to the feaſt:
What made the *Lord Sauls* ſacrifice deteſt?
But that he did his Word then diſobey,
When he did ſpare of *Amalec* the beſt,
To offer vp: But therein did obay
His own corrupt inuentions, not what God did ſay.

Better then *Sacrifice* is to obay,
And then the *fat of Rams* to giue good eare,
Happy though we doe all the world gaine ſay,
If we obay our *Lord* and *Maſter* deare:
But ah! whil'ſt we remaine as *Pilgrims* here,
Fleſh, World, and Deuill daily vs perſwade
To follow Pleaſures vaine, and to forbeare
Obedience to the Lord, which vs hath made,
Whoſe Statutes to obey ſhould be our onely trade.

Oh Sacrifice of Fooles! with tongue to pray,
But harbour no *obedience* in thine heart;
Who doſt in word profeſſe God to obay,
But by thy workes doſt all his Law's peruert:
Behold! it is not without iuſt deſert
That Beaſts to thee are *diſobedient*,
When thou to *God* a faithleſſe rebell art,
To whom obey Sun, Moone, Stars, Firmament,
Nor Sea againſt his will inuades the *Continent*.

Whil'ſt I about, this ſinfull Body beare,
Luſts and corruptions will therein remaine;
Yet neuer let them ſo much domineere
As here of *Grace*, the maſtery to gaine:
For if I ſuffer Sinne in me to raigne,
That all my members will to ſinne obay,
That ſin whereof Saint *Paul* doth ſo complaine,
Oh! who me from the ſame deliuer may!
It is not I, but ſin that Chriſt doth diſobay.

If that the Iudge by his Authoritie,
Inioyne me to performe or ſpeake a thing,
Againſt the will of *Soueraigne Maieſtie*,
Here my Deniall no Offence doth bring;
And if I be commanded by the King,
To doe againſt his will, that is aboue,
I here no Rebell am, though ſuffering:
For I were better *Croſſe* and *Priſon* proue,
Than in *Gehenna* fry, from whence is no remoue.

And as in all humane ſocieties,
The meaner Power the greater doth obay,
Till to the *Peramount* it doth ariſe,
Which Power all inferiour powers ſway:
So in this Power Spirituall we may,
Behold like order for *Obedience*,
The *Peramount* is Gods high Power ay;
For though we doe all Powers reuerence,
Yet to the higheſt we haue alway's reference.

What more vniuſt, than looke to be obay'd,
By our inferiours, and to diſobay
Thoſe God hath plac'd aboue vs for our aid,
Ah how, *Thy will be done* may we here pray,
As Angells doe the ſame in Heau'n for ay:
Which we ſo often croſſe by doing ill,
More often then are minutes in a day
Oh let my Heart be ready to fulfill!
Mine Heart be ready Lord! to learne and doe thy will.

Ready

Aylett, R.
1004a

Ready in all things lawfull to obay
Superiours all, to doe things iuſt and right,
To Loue my Neighbour; for mine enemy's pray,
Grace to embrace, and with Corruptions fight,
To caſt off earthly things, and to delight
Wholly in *God*, and heau'nly contemplation;
To worke by day, to watch and pray by night,
To learne of *Chriſt*, *Meekneſſe*, *Humiliation*,
With trembling and with Feare to worke out my Saluation.

Since I muſt be *obedient* to the end,
How ſhould I end to beg *Obedience?*
Obedience, which to Liberty doth tend,
And vs reſtores vnto that excellence
Which *Adam* loſt by *Diſobedience*.
Let others glory in their mightie traine,
And large command of many Continents;
By *Meekneſſe* and *Obedience* I ſhall gaine,
With *Meeke obedient Lamb* in Heau'n for ay to raigne.

MEDITAT. III.

of MEEKNESSE.

AS in faire *Garden*, where variety
Of choiſeſt Flowers, the *ſenſes* to delight,
Are plac't by cunning hand, moſt curiouſly,
Their diuers colours moſt effect the ſight,
That broad and faireſt ſhew and ſtand vpright,
But oft we find low creeping on the ground,
An *hearb*, whoſe odour ſweet doth more inuite
Our ſmells, than all the *Tuſlips* there are found;
So is it with this *Grace*, which I doe next propound.

For

For though the goodlieſt *Garden of the Bride*,
Like *Eden* is ſo faire embeliſhed
With richeſt Fruits and Flowers, from ſide to ſide,
Their names and hues cannot be numbered,
Much leſſe their Force and Natures be aread:
And though all are more glorious to be ſeene,
Than *Meekneſſe*, which is next diſciphered:
Yet none more pleaſing to our ſmell I weene,
Nor more, than her, reſpected of *Loues royall Queene.*

Obedience, *Meekneſſe*, and *Humility*
Are Flowers, more for *profit* than for *ſhow*,
Pleaſing the ſmell and taſte more than the eye,
And lowly like ſweet *Thyme* and *Hyſope* grow;
Theſe by the outward face we muſt not know,
Their *inward vertue* 'tis that we eſteeme
Their Force is heau'nly, though their dwellings low,
And may the greateſt *Monarch* here be-ſeeme,
For ſure the *King of Kings* like theſe himſelfe did deeme.

And vs commandeth all of him to learne
Meekneſſe and *lowlineſſe*, which *reſt* doth bring,
Eternall Reſt, which doth our Soules concerne
Here more than any vaine and worldly thing:
Moſt mighty God, and yet the *meekeſt King?*
Fit thou my Soule for this ſweet Meditation;
And teach me *meekneſſe*, whil'ſt I *meekneſſe* ſing,
Which baſe and meane in mans vaine eſtimation,
Is with the *Lord* of *Lords* of higheſt valuation.

Some her define to be a *Moderation*
Of *Anger*: And would haue her to abſtaine
From all reuengefull furious, enuious paſſion,
Thereby poſſeſſion of her ſoule to gaine:
For who doth *gentle meekneſſe* entertaine,
With her finds happy *Peace*, and quiet *Reſt*;
And who from *furious rage* will not refraine,
But harbours *wrath*, and *malice* in his Breſt,
Poſſeſſeth not himſelfe, but is by them poſſeſt.

Aylett, R. 1004

Meeke, gentle, milde, ſoft, affable, and *kind,*
In words, though diuers are, in ſenſe the ſame;
And come from gentle habit of the mind,
Which like it ſelfe our words and acts doth frame,
Making wild, ſauage, furious creatures tame,
For all are mad and wild ſince *Adams* fall,
And burne in furious and reuengfull flame,
But *meekneſſe* mitigates appeaſing all,
And bleſſed here in peace the earth inherit ſhall.

Meekneſſe which pleaſeth God, and profits man,
For God the *meeke* exalteth to Saluation;
And thoſe which here abſtaine from Anger can,
In multitude of *Peace* haue delectation:
With *meeke* far better is humiliation,
Than greateſt ſpoiles with proud ones to diuide,
Heau'nly *Hieruſalem's* no habitation
For thoſe, which Right by *Duells* doe decide,
But thoſe which can with *meekneſſe* iniury's abide.

She *ire* and *rancour* in her heart can brooke,
But doth all with an equall mind ſuſtaine;
Prouok'd by none, nor doth the one prouoke,
Though oft offended hurteth none againe:
She doth from all improbity abſtaine,
Reſiſts not euill, but the ſame with good
Still ouercomes, And doth more glory gaine
By gentle yeelding, than if ſhe withſtood
The wicked in his raging, furious angry mood.

Oh *Grace* moſt glorious! when God Her ſends
To dwell in breaſt of ſome great *Potentate:*
His Heart She from all Crueltie defends,
And though he be *a Lord of Life and Fate,*
His hands with bloud doth not contaminate;
She ſuch a Prince to Heau'n at length will bring,
Too ſoone for vs; though he may thinke it late:
Let *Homer* fierce *Achilles* praiſes ſing,
Giue me a *merciſull, meeke, mild,* and *gentle King.*

For

For *Meekneſſe* brings more honour to a King,
Than *Purple*, *Scepter*, *Diademe*, or *Crowne*,
And richer triumphs doth to *Emperours* bring,
Than winning any *Caſtle*, *Fort*, or *Towne*:
He gets eternall Glory and renowne;
Who can by *meekneſſe* bridle *paſſions* right,
Let *Tyrants* rage, and let the *Fury's* frowne;
They can no more a good *meeke* man affright,
Than Arrow's hurt the water that thereon doe light.

Inhumane *cruelty's* taught in the ſchoole
Of *Satan*; who would like himſelfe haue all;
But he whoſe ſeats in Heau'n, and his footſtoole
Vpon the earth; Before whoſe preſence fall
Downe all the Angells, and him Maker call,
Bids vs like to himſelfe be *meeke* and *low*,
For he that turn'd to ſweet that cup of gall,
Can make the *meeke* and lowly higheſt grow,
And with one blaſt the proud and cruell ouerthrow.

I labour not to keepe downe or depreſſe,
That humane natures high *ſublimitie*,
Without which creatures beare no *awfulneſſe*
Nor due reſpect vnto the *Maieſty*
God hath annexed to mans *Soueraignty*:
I ſeeke to ſuit his mind and *conſcience*,
Vnto his outward *Grace* and *Dignity*,
And raiſe him by an inward confidence
Of wel-knowne worth, to an angelike excellence.

Yet not by this *ſublimity* to ſwell
Beyond the bounds of Mortalls, He that's wiſe
Will, as his worth and due deſerts excell,
Be ſtill more *low* and *humble* in's owne eyes:
And as his State and Honour here doe riſe,
Hee is more modeſt, *gentle*, *meeke*, and *kind*,
Preferring not himſelfe in any wiſe
Before his equalls: thus he grace doth find,
By gentle *manſivetude*, with God and all mankind.

Aylett, R. 1004a

For whilſt by an obſequious conuerſation,
And by ingenuous manners, pleaſing, ſweet;
Far from baſe *flattery*, as vaine *oſtentation*
Hee doth *inferiours*, *equalls*, *betters* greet,
By looſing of his owne; Lo he doth get,
In others thoughts the higheſt eſtimation;
His Head's in heau'n, though on the earth his feet;
And by anothers vertues veneration,
He getteth of his owne all loue and admiration.

Oh happy man to whom heau'ns *King* hath ſent,
This *Grace* to be the glory of the reſt;
What can that mind moleſt or diſcontent,
That harbours gracious *meekneſſe* in his breſt:
They that can *contumely* faire diſgeſt,
If any them deride or reprehend,
Streight of themſelues take more ſeuere inqueſt,
If ought be iuſtly blam'd, they ſoone amend,
If falſe, it neuer them ſhall anger or offend.

Meeke, *gentle*, *patient*, bearing right or wrong;
From inward free, as outward perturbation,
Reuenge is not a thing that doth belong
To her; ſhe finds far greater contentation
In wrongs diſſembling, and their tolleration:
The wants, which ſhe within her ſelfe doth find,
Her more depreſſe by modeſt moderation,
Than all her *vertues* eleuate her mind,
As *ſalt* ſhe ſauours all the *vertues* in their kind.

This is the ſame, or very like the *Grace*,
Which we doe call *Chriſtian Humilitie*
Without which other vertues haue no place,
All are in her as in an *Vnitie*:
She is the ſureſt way to *Dignitie*,
The *center* where all vertues lines doe meet,
Moſt *honour'd* when ſhe moſt doth *vilifie*
Her ſelfe, And when ſhe ſtoops to waſh *Saints* feet,
The higheſt *King* of *Kings*, with kiſſes her doth greet.

Ye

Yet none of worldlings is esteem'd more vile,
They it account a thing too meane and base,
Here to discend vnto so low a stile;
They thinke that *meeknesse valour* doth disgrace:
But oh absurd, presumptuous, mortall race;
So high and proud in thine owne estimation,
What thing's created in more wretched case?
Weake vaine precipite, and on each occasion,
Ready to fall from highest hopes to desperation.

What is thy Body but fraile quickned clay?
Thy Soule's so clouded with obscurity;
It is most ready, prone, precipite ay,
To fall to baseness, errour, vanity:
Happy who sees his owne infirmity;
Thus By discending only we ascend
Vnto the highest humane dignity:
First step to honour is to vilipend
Our selues: Let others thee and not thy selfe commend.

None seekes to pull his foot out of the mire,
Vntill he feeles and know's that it is in,
Nor none to wash the durt off doth desire,
Vntill he sees it cleaue vnto his skin;
So till this *Grace* vs shew's our selues within,
We neuer seeke those heau'nly remedies,
To purge our soules from error and foule sinne;
This was of all the Oracles most wise,
First, *know thy selfe*: that is thine owne infirmities.

Thus comes the purest wheat from foulest ground,
So it be first well till'd and harrowed,
And thus the ignorant, grow men profound,
When they their folly haue discouered,
Of all the vertues can be reckoned;
The roots are bitter, fruits most sweet doe proue,
Selfe Pride, and Arrogance once settled
In humane Brest, mo^t hard are to remoue,
This worke belongs to *meeknesse, humbleneſſe* and *Loue*.

1004a
Aylett, R.

Moſt pleaſant fruits, which from this root do ſpring,
When weeding out baſe pleaſures falſe and vaine,
She true delight into their roomes doth bring
And rich Content, for euer to remaine,
Happy who can this Lady's fauour gaine;
Shee able is and ready to defend,
Againſt Soules troubles, and the body's paine;
The *meeke*, that patiently on God attend,
Are ſure to haue a joyfull, quiet, happy end.

Nothing can his moſt noble mind appall,
Which is with ſuch Tranquillity indude;
Croſſes, Afflictions may him here befall,
But baſe or abiect thoughts cannot intrude
Into a mind of ſuch an habitude:
Certaine his breaſt all vertues doth containe,
Who hath this gentle *vertue manſivetude*
Who wants her boaſts of *vertue* but in vaine,
They are but ſhew's of *vertue*, which with him remaine.

It is the height of folly to bewray
Deſire, where we haue no power to offend:
So beat the Sea, if it will not obay,
Or winds which croſſe the way thou doſt intend:
So whom thou canſt not reach his picture rend,
Such wounds make arrow's, when they cleaue the aire;
Yet many thus with rage their ſpirits ſpend,
Were it not better farre to beare them faire,
But Folly cannot beare, though thou in morter bray her.

If an Aſſe kicks thee, muſt thou kicke againe?
Or barks a Dog, wilt thou ſtraight baule and cry;
Becauſe one's fooliſh, canſt thou not refraine?
But needs doe that is ill for company:
Let fooles ſcorne meane Birth, want, deformity;
This (if a fault) not thine, thy Makers is,
To him that's *meeke* no infelicity
Can fall by *Fortunes* bitter frownes or bliſſe,
He counts them not his owne, true vertue's only his.

I like

I liken *Meekneſſe* to that peece of wood,
Wherewith the *Prophet* did the Fountaines heale;
And made the bitter waters ſweet and good,
For ſo doth *Meekneſſe* with *Afflictions* deale,
She all their *bitterneſſe* with *Ioy* doth ſeale,
Ev'n that accurſed death vpon a Tree,
She turneth from a *Curſe*, vnto our *Weale*;
Bleſt are the *Meeke*, that for well-doing be
Hang'd thereupon: from thence they *Paradiſe* may ſee.

A *meeke* mans mind's like ſolitary place,
Where all is quiet, fit for Contemplation;
And to behold his Makers Will and Grace,
Spending his time in ſweeteſt meditation;
But *cruell minds* are full of *perturbation*,
Like to a Market or tumultuous Faire,
Where all is fill'd with noiſe and moleſtation;
Durt in the ſtreets, ſtrong clamours in the aire:
Such places are vnfit, for *Graces* ſweet repaire.

A *meeke* mind's like vnto *Pernaſſus* Hill,
Through whoſe pure aire ſhines *Phœbus* golden ray;
Whoſe ſiluer Channells pureſt Fountaine fill,
And all the meades bedeck with Lilly's gay:
The Gardens with faire Flowers adorned ay,
And when the Brookes doe murmur any ſound;
With much delight ſweet *Zephirus* doth play,
And all the Birds vpon the trees around,
Conſort with *Muſes* nine to make a Heav'nly ſound.

But a *meeke* mind more pleaſing is then all
Theſe *Flowers*, *Fruits*, or *Muſicks* ſweet delight;
No fit of *Fury* can that Heart appall;
For as a *Dart* may on the water light,
And hurts it not by any force or might:
So Force, not Fury can *meeke* mind offend,
For it giues way as doth the water light,
Oh happy quiet mind! that doth attend,
With *meekneſſe* on Gods bounteous goodneſſe to the end.

Aylett, R. 1004

As when the glorious *Sun-beames* doe appeare,
All *misty cloudineſſe* is turn'd to day,
So where this Grace the heart of men doth cheare,
All paſſions turbulent are driu'n away:
Then *meekneſſe* moſt her Glory doth diſplay,
When ſhee hath iuſteſt cauſe to take offence,
No valour like this Dames behold we may,
Nor any like her modeſt *Patience*;
A *meeke* and *lowly* mind excells all ornaments.

As when the *Lord* of all to vs did come
In humane fleſh, he peace and concord bred
Twixt Men and Angells, and made all become
As one, in peace, and quiet in their head;
So where this *meekneſſe* doth her Grace diſpred,
There *Nations*, *Neighbours*, *Kindred*, all we find
Lately at Diſcord, now faſt fettered
In Loue, and Friendſhips Bands, which firmly bind
No ſurer band of loue, than *meeke* and gentle mind.

In *golden Age*, when as the *Poets* faine
Men, Beaſts, Fiſh, Foule to be at amity,
This *Lady Meekneſſe* as a Queene did raigne,
And vnder *Loue* had all Authoritie:
But ſince the *Iron Age*, which enmity
Hath rais'd in eu'ry Riuer, Towne, and Field,
Shee hath reſign'd her place of Soueraigntie
To *Iuſtice*, and delights now more to yeeld,
Than *Scepters* in age ſo turbulent to weel'd.

And for ſhe know's the noble *gentle mind*
Moſt ſenſible of *wrong* and *iniury*;
And few or none can here ſo *conſtant* find,
As to diſſemble foule indignity
She all requeſts that loue her company,
Occaſions to auoid and not inuite;
Which may prouoke leaſt *iarre* or *ſimulty*,
And not like teachy Curres to barke and bite,
Or Frogs, which Poets faine with Bulruſhes to fight.

If thus they cannot, as who ay can here?
Auoid some iniury's of them that reigne,
They must dissemble, and with pleasing cheere,
What they can no wayes shift, faire entertaine:
One ask'd, how such old age he did attaine
In Court; reply'd by bearing Iniury's,
Sometimes remitting, and sometimes againe,
For them gaue thankes, thus surely he that's wise,
By suffring beares, and not prouokes indignities.

And since no earthly Power's so great and firme,
But *Iniury* sometimes will dare to smite,
Let *Wisdom's precepts* so thee ay confirme,
Thou neuer swerue from rules of *Reason* right:
So arm'd the wrongs which on thine armor light,
Shall backe on him that sent the same rebound;
But whom vnarm'd she can prouoke to fight,
Though happily they thinke her to confound,
They sure are to receiue a deepe and festring wound.

He stands not right, whom *Iniury* can bow,
Who ill beare old, doe on them new inuite;
But he that beares the old with *Patience*: how
Shall any new be able him to smite?
He that is *wise* and *valiant* scornes her might,
And by *braue bearing* doth her spite confound,
He best o'recomes that sets by her most light,
Who by *impatience*, addes, is like him found,
That doth, by rending make incurable his wound.

In many wrongs 'tis better to be mute,
Than by repeating them, oft very small,
To cause long trouble or a tedious suit,
Whilst all the shame doth on th'auenger fall:
Such better were not mentioned at all:
Inuoke the helpe of *constant Patience*,
Whose presence doth all *Iniury's* appall,
And with an equall mind beares all offence,
Or doth despise them in her guiltlesse conscience.

Aylett, R. 1004a

Thus many,offring,doe no Iniury's,
Becauſe they are not ſo couceiv'd or taken;
Oh happy who all wrong can ſo deſpiſe,
With ſenſe thereof ne're to be ouertaken;
Whoſe vnmov'd *conſtant* mind is neuer ſhaken;
So farre from muttring or leaſt murmuring,
He laughs and ſmiles to ſee them ſo miſtaken,
Nor's only eaſie in their *pardoning*;
But paſſeth by them without leaſt *acknowledging*.

He is aboue the reach of *Jniuries*,
Who can repreſſe reuenges curſt deſire,
And to the full repay's his enemies,
Who thus can quench wraths hot iniurious fire.
Yet *holy meekneſſe* leads vs a ſtep higher:
Happy who can aſcend vnto ſuch height
It is the *ſummity*, which all admire,
Of higheſt *vertue*, when we take delight
All *Iniury's* with *Benefits* here to requite.

The jeſt is loſt, if it no laughter moue,
So's Contumely if it be neglected;
He neuer will a valiant Souldier proue
To beare *hot Blow's*, that is with *words* affected:
He ſooner is with noiſome ſmells infected,
Who them with open noſe doth entertaine;
Than he that ſtops it, or beares ſome ſelected
Preſeruatiue for to defend his braine:
So 'tis to ſtop or ope our eares to proud Diſdaine.

Poets paint *Scylla* with a womans *face*,
But like a Dog in neather *parts* and *taile*,
Whom *Hercules*, th' *Jdea* of all *Grace*
And *Vertue*, did amongſt the monſters quaile,
You giue her Life, if you will heare her raile:
But ſhut her mouth with patient ſuffering,
Or ſtop thine eares, and ſoone her breath will faile:
Here *Meekneſſe* ends, and here I ceaſe to ſing,
She doth more quiet Reſt than all the Vertues bring.

MEDI-

MEDITAT. IIII.

GODS WORD.

SO mighty are the *weapons* manifold,
Wherewith our *ſpirituall Foes* doe vs aſſaile;
So many ſtratagems vs to infold,
So many terrours vaine, our hearts to quaile,
That neither *Breſtplate, Helmet, Shield* or *Maile*
Vs helpe againſt their Forces can afford;
For if they cloſe with vs, they will preuaile,
Therefore we muſt vnſheath our *keeneſt Sword*:
Our *weapon ſpirituall*, ev'n *Gods moſt holy Word*.

Which thoſe that able are to wield aright,
Of farre more Force, and liuely Power find;
Than all the weapons whereof Poets write,
To haue beene wondrous pow'rfull in their kind:
What *Homer* of *Achilles Speare* hath coyn'd,
I not vnfitly to this *Sword* apply;
Whoſe wounds to heale, no *Balme* could be aſſign'd,
The *Speare* that hurt, muſt only remedy;
So whom this *Sword* doth kill, this *Sword* muſt viuifie.

Of wondrous weapons *Heathen Poets* tell
Of *Stygian* Armour, and enchanted Swords;
Whereby ſmall Knights, did monſtrous Gyants quell,
Subdude, and raigned ouer them as Lords,
Such fiction to vs good aduice affords,
Againſt theſe *Gyants ſpirituall* to fight,
Our *Fleſhly Luſts*, and for to bind in Cords,
Our vaine affections here that take delight,
In doing that is wrong, and leauing that is right.

God

Aylett, R. 1004a

God of all might, that haſt vs giu'n this *ſword*,
Not only *ſpirituall Battailes* here to fight,
But doſt engraue in it, as on record
Thy Rules, whereby we *muſter* may aright;
The *Lanthorne* to our paths, our feets beſt light,
Direct my *Muſe* to ſing I humbly pray
Of this thy *Word*, by *holy Words* inſight,
For but by it, none can aright diſplay
That *Swords* eternall Power, which *Sin* and *Hell* diſmay.

That *Word*, which in Beginning, by a word
Of Nothing made, Heau'n, Earth, and Creatures all,
And was from all Beginning *God* and *Lord*,
Doth not within my *Muſes* compaſſe fall:
That *Word* whereof now meditate I ſhall,
Is that *reuealed written veritie*,
Which *firſt* and *ſecond Teſtament* we call:
Both which were firſt declared mightily
By wonders, ſignes, and miracles from God on high.

For as the *Lord* moſt mighty wonders wrought,
By him, that publikely did firſt record
This *ſacred Word*; And by his Hand forth brought
His Sonnes from Bondage of a cruell Lord:
So thoſe to whom he did this Grace afford,
Of publiſhing his *later Teſtament*,
Wrought mighty wonders by this mighty *Word*,
To all Beholders great aſtoniſhment,
Confirming thus, that they from God aboue were ſent.

From whom this Word hath all Authority,
For by the holy Spirits inſpiration,
Came *Law*, and *Goſpell*, *Prophets*, *Hiſtory*,
And all Canonicall wiſe ordination:
The ſacred *Light*, that giues illumination
Vntill the *Day-ſtarre* in our Hearts ariſe:
Whoſe heau'nly Wiſdome breedeth Admiration
In all their Hearts, that are diuinely wiſe,
But folly ſeemes to ſuch as ſinne doth blind their ey's.

A

And ſure it is a mighty pow'rfull *Word*,
If that the ſenſe thereof be right apply'd,
More keene than any ſharpe two edged ſword,
And eu'n the Soule and Spirit doth diuide:
By it are all our Hearts intents deſcry'd,
The ioynts and marrow it doth ſmite in ſunder,
No Creature from her ſight it ſelfe can hide,
All high exalted things it bringeth vnder:
And 'gainſt all diſobedience ſoundeth out like thunder.

This was the *Sword*, wherewith our valiant *Head*,
When he was tempted in the Wilderneſſe,
And with a ſix-weekes-faſt ſore weakened,
Did free himſelfe from Hells malitiouſneſſe:
When firſt on him his *Enemy* did preſſe,
He vs'd the *hilts* himſelfe for to defend,
But when he could not thus his Foe repreſſe;
Loe he the point, againſt his Breaſt doth bend;
Behind me, Satan, All, Gods worſhip muſt attend.

Thoſe, that will vſe aright this *holy Word*,
Muſt not the *letter*, but the *ſenſe* apply;
Or elſe they vſe the *Scabbard* for the *Sword*,
Wherewith none euer wun the Victory:
It is the *Myſtery of Iniquitie*,
To take the *letter*, and to leaue the *ſenſe*,
To *forge* of *Antichriſts Idolatry*,
The *feigned Rocke*, the *Key's* of Heau'n from whence
He claimes to *vniuerſall* Power, Obedience.

A multitude of words, but all one *ſenſe*,
And tending all to that grand myſtery,
To which all myſteries haue reference,
Mans perſonall vnion with the *Deity*:
The which to God was knowne infallibly
In his election, ere the worlds Foundation,
And all the Bookes it ſeemes to typifie
From *Geneſis* vnto the *Reuelation*,
Sublime, tranſcendent myſtery's of mans Saluation.

How

Aylett, R. 1004a

How ſhould my *Muſe* theſe hope to comprehend,
In this ſhort fainting breath of meditation;
Which doth all humane wit and skill tranſcend,
Whoſe each *word* hath an hid ſignification:
Each *letter*, *pricke*, and *point*, an obſeruation,
All ſauouring of Wiſdome, true, diuine,
And far beyond mans weake inueſtigation,
In it ſuch rare profound deepe Learning ſhine,
A Volume is not able to expound a Line.

Fie then on thoſe, that ſwolne with vaine ambition
To ſway all *Kingdomes* with materiall ſword;
Preferre before this *word*, their vaine *tradition*,
Which nought but vainneſſe, like themſelues afford:
Their names be wiped out of the Record
And Booke, which all thy *Saints* names doth containe;
That thus doe ſeeke to vilifie this *Word*,
Which to accompliſh Gods owne *Sonne* was ſlaine,
And thouſand *Martyrs* ſpent their bloud it to maintain.

So deale with Prophets, that to hide conſpire
From ſimple people, Food ſpirituall;
Which they, as new borne Babes do milke deſire,
That they may grow vp to be ſtrong and tall:
I grant as *Mothers breaſts* doe, beſt of all
Nouriſh the *Child*, ſo doth *Gods holy Word*,
Which from our *Mother-Churches* breaſts doth fall,
Beſt nouriſhment vnto her Babes afford;
So as it be ſincere: Elſe be it all abhor'd.

True Angells *Food!* ſweet *Manna*, pure, diuine,
My *Spirits dayly bread*, and nouriſhment,
Which wanting *ſhee* doth hunger, ſtarue and pine,
And yeeld to Body's fleſhly Regiment:
My Soule with *fat* and *marrow* is content,
When I with ioyfull lips thy praiſes ſing,
And feed upon thy Lawes great wonderment;
Which to ſubiection doth my Body bring,
And makes the *Spirit* rule, and order like a King.

The *Spirit* it compares to *Looking Glaſſe*,
Where we our Faces Spots may all behold;
But ſoone out of our memory they paſſe,
Like to a Dreame or Tale that's idlely told:
But who his *mind* thereon doth daily hold,
Doth walke in perfect Law of *Liberty*,
Which to him doth apparantly vnfold
His Soule and Fleſhes leaſt deformity,
And ſheweth him the meanes the ſame to rectifie.

Eu'n as the *Raine* indifferently doth fall,
Vpon the fruitfull, and the barren ground;
So preached is this *Heau'nly Word* to all,
Though to the faithleſſe, it be fruitleſſe found,
Oh! where this *Word* doth powerfully ſound,
The ſtrongeſt holds of ſin it ſhatters downe;
And things moſt high exalted doth confound,
It's ſmalleſt Seed in lowly Valley ſowne,
Eſt ſuddenly is to a mighty Cedar growne.

It is reported of the ſiluer Doue,
She neere the pureſt Streames doth moſt delight;
In which *Shee* may eſpy the ſhadow moue,
Of towring Faulcon, or the rauenning Kite;
Whereby ſhe is forewarn'd to ſcape by flight,
From cruell Hawkes, that ſeeke her for a pray!
So if in ſpirituall ſtreames we take delight,
Our ſpirituall Foes we there diſcouer may,
That ſo our Soules forewarn'd, like Doues might flye away.

Moſt glorious Sun-ſhine! where it doth enlight,
More comfortable Light hath ſhowne;
But when *Shee* doth withdraw her Beames, is night
And darkneſſe ſpirituall, far groſſer growne,
Than that which three day's was to *Pharaoh* knowne;
Hard-hearted *Pharaoh*, thou that didſt deſpiſe,
This Word and all the wonders by it ſhowne,
Eu'n all thy plagues light on them that deuiſe,
To hide this *heau'nly Light*; from ſimple peoples ey's.

Aylett, R. 1004a

It is the *doore*, whereby the paſtours may
Spiritually aſcend into their Fold,
Thoſe that doe enter in another way
We doe as rauenning wolues and robbers hold:
This *Word's a touchſtone*, which doth try from Gold
All mettalls baſe, Inuentions of mans braine,
Of which ſuch ſtore at *Latium* now are ſold,
Not for the *Flocks*, but for the *Shepheards* gaine,
Maſſe, *Dirges*, *Pardons*, *Trentalls*, and *Traditions* vaine.

Nothing deſcribe her nature better will,
Than *Touchſtone*: th'vſe of which ſimpleſt may learne,
But one had need of cunning Gold-ſmiths skill;
True *Touchſtone* from a falſe one to diſcerne,
Oh how did thoſe noble *Berreans* earne!
To try thoſe things that *Paul* deliuered,
The things which our Saluation did concerne,
By that which in the *Scriptures* they had read,
The *Scriptures* that the Spirit had canonized.

Who from the ſimple people theſe doe hide,
Deale as with *Iſraël* did the *Cananite*,
Who no *Smith* ſuffer'd in their Coaſts t'abide,
To make a weapon for an *Iſraelite*:
Therfore no ſpeare, nor ſword when they ſhould fight,
But in *Sauls* hands and *Ionathans* were found,
Chams helliſh pollicy, moſt deu'liſh ſleight,
To hold in Ignorance and Bondage bold,
By taking way ſuch helpes as Liberty propound.

As firſt, God by his *Word* and *Spirit* wrought,
And faſhion'd all things in this worlds *Creation*,
So by this *Word* and *Spirit* he hath brought,
All things to paſſe in this our *renouation*;
And as he for our Bodyes preſeruation,
Hath here materiall Bread and Wine prepar'd,
So's Word and Spirit is for ſuſtentation
Of all our Soules, that rightly it regard,
Such neuer need of thirſt and hunger be afeard.

As

As Appetite's a *Signe* of Body's Health,
So of the Soules is hunger of his Word;
And as to him that ſeeketh *ſtore of wealth*,
A Myne can beſt what he deſires afford:
So he that *ſpirituall treaſures* vp would hoard,
Come to this *ſacred Word* where he ſhall find,
It doth a world of myſtery's record,
The richeſt jewells to adorne the mind,
True treaſure's no where elſe reuealed to mankind.

For it's the *Megazine* where paſtours haue,
All gems and treaſures to enrich their fold;
The ſtore-houſe, whence they all abundance craue
Of liuing food, their Lambs in plight to hold;
The *armory*, from whence they may he bold,
To fetch all armes and weapons to withſtand
The wolues which them infeſt: and to vphold
Truth and the right, againſt all *Satans* Band,
Falſe Heretickes, baſe Luſts, and worlds encroaching hand.

But as the *Manna* that from Heau'n was ſent,
Bred *Wormes*, if wrong, but *Food* if rightly vſed,
So breeds this *Word* our Soules due nouriſhment,
But neuer-dying wormes if once abuſed:
He that for *Egypts Fleſh-pots* hath refuſed,
This *Heau'nly Food*, And mans tradition vaine,
His baſe falſe lying Legends rather chuſed,
Shall whilſt this Fleſh betweene his jawes remaine,
Be with his great and wealthieſt choſen *ſhaueling*s ſlain.

Fountaine of liuing water! which doth more
And faſter ſpring, as it is emptied,
Moſt *fruitfull Vine*, which bringeth ſtill more ſtore,
Of heau'nly grapes, as they are gathered.
Th'*epiſtle of Heau'ns King*, which rightly read,
Brings vs the gladſome tidings of Saluation;
Whoſe *harder ſenſe ſtrong men* may chuſe as bread,
The plainer *babes* may ſuck for ſuſtentation;
We both aright concort by heau'nly meditation.

As

Aylett, R. 1004a

The *Sword* that doth ſpiritually diuide
From vs, all manner of concupiſcence:
Our *youths reformer*, and our ages *guide*,
Tranſcending reaſon, more *than reaſon* ſence;
Truths ground, the *Fountaine* of *Intelligence*;
Loues complement, the root of *humbleneſſe*;
Faiths hold, the *Rule* of all *Obedience*:
Hopes anchor, and the *path of Rrighteouſneſſe*,
The *ladder* which we climbe from hence to *Happineſſe*.

Would you haue more? it is the *milke ſincere*,
Which can alone quench Hells eternall fire;
The *only Daughter*, to *her Mother* deare,
The myſtery which *Angells* doe admire,
The *ſweeteſt ſong* of bleſſed heau'nly Quire:
Whoſe Praiſe eu'n all the heau'nly Powers ſing;
Apoſtles, *Prophets*, *Martyrs*, all deſire
With all their might to ſtrike this lofty ſtring,
Which *Dauid* in one Pſalme a thouſand times doth ring.

As *Iacob* with the Angell wreſtled,
Nor let him goe without a bleſſing would;
So when words myſteries by vs are read,
We ſtriue and ſtruggle for the meaning ſhould:
A goodly ſtrife if we contending could
Hold out, till what we ſeeke we doe obtaine;
As *Incenſe* doth no pleaſing ſmell vnfold,
Nor Spice till it be in a Morter braine,
So are *words* myſteries, till ſtudy makes them plaine.

This makes the lips of *Chriſts* endeared Bride,
Than any *Hony combe* to drop more ſweet;
And vnderneath her daintieſt tongue, abide
Hony and *Milke*; The *Hony* is moſt meet
To heale the wounds Sin makes from head to feet,
The *Milke* for *Babes*; Loe thus her either Breſt,
Which like two twining Roes doe equall meet,
Yeeld moſt abundant Food, if ſoftly preſt,
And both with *Roſes* ſweet and *Lilly's* faire are dreſt.

T

This is the *Tower of Dauid*, which is built
By th'holy *Spirit*, of moſt coſtly ſtone;
Whereon a *thouſand Shields* doe hang all guilt
With *ſwords* and *weapons* for the *mightieſt One*:
This is the Priuie *Garden*, where alone
The *Spouſe* with *Bridgroome* doth her ſelfe delight,
Planted with *Nardus*, *Saffron*, *Cinamon*,
And all trees good for medicine, taſt, or ſight,
Through which doth flow a well of liuing waters bright.

Moſt heau'nly *Paradiſe*! where tree of Life
My Soule moſt heau'nly Fruits doth daily bring;
Fit for the *Lamb* to walke in, with his wife,
And for the *Spouſe* moſt *Angell*-like to ſing,
The Soueraigne *Grace* and *Bounty* of her *King*;
Where though I often ſeeke to hide in vaine,
Mee from my Nakednelſe diſcouering,
My bleſſed *Bridegroome* calleth me againe,
And clothes me with the *Robes of Lamb* moſt righteous ſlaine.

There *Manna*-like (Loe) eur'y Fruit doth taſt,
Iuſt as we would; none iuſtly can complaine;
Though his vnweeded garden lieth waſt,
God ſend to good and bad alike his raine:
Let him, where thornes and bryers doe remaine
Take heed, how he this heau'nly deaw accuſe;
It is the root, thy euill heart and vaine,
Which doth the ſweetneſſe of this raine abuſe;
Which for to water weeds and nettles doth it vſe.

How ſhould this *Word* be ſweet vnto the mouth?
Wherein is nought but Gall and Bitterneſſe!
Or how ſhould heau'nly deaws from Weſt or South,
Moiſten that Heart, which by maliciouſneſſe
More hardned is, than Flint in wickedneſſe:
Alas what Corne can ſweeteſt *raine* forth bring,
In Ground that choked is with worldlineſſe,
Where as the thornes vp with the wheat doe ſpring,
And from the root ſuck vp all heau'nly nouriſhing.

Aylett, R. 1004a

Ev'n as a *Lamp*, without ſupply of Oyle
Being daily had, is ſoone extinguiſhed;
So though we ſeeme to proſper here awhile
In *Faith* and *Grace*, all's ſoone aboliſhed
Vnleſſe that they be daily nouriſhed,
With *Hearing*, *Reading*, *Prayer*, *Meditation*,
In vaine it with our *mouths* is vttered,
Except it in our hearts makes habitation;
And we expreſſe it in our liues and conuerſation.

Oh let this holy *Words* moſt heau'nly Fire?
My ſecret, ſound affections inflame,
And burne vp all vaine fleſhly worlds deſire,
Oh bleſſed *Fire!* like that in *Buſh* did flame,
But neuer did conſume or burne the ſame;
The fire whereby *Gold Catholike* is tride,
And *ſtraw*, and *ſtubbled errour* brought to *ſhame*,
In whom this inward fire doth ay reſide;
He well the ſcorching heat of outward may abide.

But as no *fleſhly ey's* can here behold,
The glorious *Sunne*, but by that *Suns* ſweet ſight;
So no man *vnderſtanding*, may be bold
To know this *Word*, but where it doth enlight.
Lord! in thy Light, then let mee ſee this Light,
Whereby I may my ſinfull life amend;
And in thy Statutes ſet my whole delight,
And wholly in the way's of wiſdome tend,
So ſhall my foot ſtand faſt, with ioy vnto the end.

For as the *ſnow* and *raine* from Heav'n deſcend,
But neuer thither doe returne againe
Till that be done; for which thou didſt them ſend,
To make the fruitfull ſoile fit for the graine;
So neuer ſhall thy *Word* returne in vaine,
But ſure accompliſh what thou doſt intend;
Then moiſten daily, with this heav'nly raine
My hardned Heart, that all my powers may bend,
To glorifie thy name, who doſt theſe ſhowers ſend.

How

How ſhould he feare to want his *daily Food*,
Who with this *Word of Life* is nouriſhed;
Or who can thirſt that drinketh of his bloud,
Let not this *Word* be vnderualued:
He that is with this *Heau'nly Manna* fed,
Eates of the fatteſt of Gods ſpirituall ſtore;
Wherewith *Chriſts* tender *Spouſe* is foſtered,
Till *Shee* growes ſtrong, and faire to ſtand before
Her *Head*, And neuer thirſt nor hunger any more.

This *Words* Eternall, therefore hath no end;
I no *beginning*, nor *concluſion* find.
I could herein my Life and Spirits ſpend,
It doth ſo feed my Soule and glad my mind:
But now my *Muſe* to Prayer is aſſign'd,
And bow's her *knees* to end *her Meditation*
With *Praiſe* to *Him*, who *firſt* mine Heart inclin'd,
To ſeeke this Heau'nly Food of *Contemplation*,
I hope vnto his *Glory*, and mine owne *Saluation*.

Aylett, R.
1004a

MEDITAT. V.

of PRAYER.

AS wiſe experienc'd, valiant *Generall*,
When's Souldier armed is from Foot to Head,
And hath at hand his Shield, and Sword, and all
His Armour, with his Belt faſt buckled;
Yet him into the Battell will not lead,
Till he be taught his Sword aright to wield,
To take Aduantages, if offered,
And to defend his Body with his Sheild;
Then him thus taught and train'd he leads into the Field.

So wee, that in theſe *Spirituall Battells* fight,
Not with fraile Fleſh, but Principality's;
And powers of exceeding foce and might,
Beſides their treaſon, plots, and policies,
Muſt firſt be taught in Armes to exerciſe;
That all in *complete Armour* ordered
And taught how to aſſault our enemy's,
They with our *Sword* may be diſcomfited,
And we from Hell and Bondage ſafe deliuered.

I of this *Military Art* doe know
No Tutor like to *holy ſupplication*;
Prayer who vſe of all our Armes doth ſhow,
The *Serieant Maior* of our *Militation*:
Diuineſt *Prayer*, holy *Meditation*,
Whereby with God we haue ſweet conference
About the myſteries of Mans *Saluation*;
And call the Angells downe for our defence
'Gainſt Fleſh's, Worlds and Deuils hoſtile violence.

Prayer, who though her knees bow in the duſt,
Yet are her vpper parts aboue the sky;
And doe into th'Almighty's preſence thruſt,
To craue of all we want a new ſupply:
Which like to clouds of incenſe vp doe flye,
If offered by his Sonnes ſweet mediation;
Whoſe iuſt requeſts, no *Father*, can deny:
Oh offer mine then, That this Meditation
May be directed by thy Spirits illumination.

True *Prayer* is the opening the deſire
Ev'n of our Heart and Soule to God aright;
Them powring out to him, that doth require
We ſhould lay open all before his ſight:
The *Sacrifice* wherein he doth delight,
A ſure defence to him that right doth pray;
The *Scourge*, wherewith we *Sin* and *Satan* ſmite,
And powers all and policies gainſay,
Our ſureſt *Refuge* in each dangerous Affray.

For

For *Christian Souldier* neuer kneeleth downe,
And lifts his heart vp towards Heav'n to pray,
But all his Foes ſpirituall, him arowne
Aſſault and labour him herein to ſtay:
Then is it time for him about to lay,
With his *ſharp Sword* to put them all to flight,
And for to arme each part, leſt they him ſlay,
With *Greaues*, *Belt*, *Breſtplate*, *Shield* and *Helmet* bright,
In *Faith*, *Hope*, *Patience*, *Truth* and *Righteouſneſſe* to fight.

By rules of Art, I *Prayer* may diuide
To theſe two Heads, *Thankeſgiuing*, *Inuocation*;
The ſecond I in three doe ſubdiuide,
Petition, *Interceſſion*, *Deprecation*:
First ſeekes Gods Glory, and our owne Saluation;
The ſecond doth for others make petition,
(So *Chriſt* doth intercede by mediation)
By laſt we doe intreat for ſins remiſſion,
And be deliuer'd from all ill, and ſuperſtition.

But as the *Sauldier*, be he ne're ſo ſtrong;
Well arm'd, and skil'd in points of *Schoole*-defence;
If that his *ſpirit faint*, is laid along:
So if we in our Armes haue confidence,
And not relye on Gods ſole Prouidence;
His Spirit which helpeth our infirmities,
And doth inſtruct to pray with reuerence,
Sending vp heart and ſoule by ſighs and cry's,
For all our Armes and ſtrength our Foes will vs ſurpriſe.

For *Spirit* is the cauſe efficient,
Of all our *prayers* that to Heav'n aſcend;
Though *Faith* be the *Internall inſtrument*,
By which we all things aske, doe apprehend:
With *Faith* and *Spirit*, *Prayer* Heav'n doth rend,
And whatſoeuer ſhee in *Chriſt* his name
Doth aske, the *Father* downe to vs will ſend;
This *Pagans* ſaw (though otherwiſe to blame)
That *Chriſtians* nothing beg, but they obtaine the ſame.

Aylett, R.
1004a

All Bleſſings ſpirituall, and temporall
Publike and priuate, for our Selues and Friends;
All that in this life, or a better fall
To vs almighty God for *Prayer* ſends:
When Heau'n is ſhut vp, that no dew deſcends,
If we forſake our ſins, and pray for raine,
The Heau'n on vs abundant ſhowers ſpends:
Though Foes vs captiue from our City's traine,
Yet *Prayer* makes vs Free, and brings vs home againe.

If Dearth, Drowth, Peſtilence be in the Land,
Or City's be beſieg'd by enemies,
Then if the cauſe thereof, we vnderſtand
Our ſins, And ſeeke by *Prayer* remedy,
God will be mercifull accordingly:
Yea if a Stranger, of an *Heathen* Nation,
Doe call on God by *Prayer* heartily;
And of his life doe ſeeke a reformation,
His *Prayer* ſhall be heard, by *Chriſt* his mediation.

Thus *Prayer* is for all things profitable,
If her true obiect ſhe doe neuer miſſe;
One God, who gracious, willing is and able,
And of our Heart the only Searcher is:
All things that are in Heau'n and Earth are his,
We muſt, no perſon in the *Deity*,
Omit, when as we pray to him for Bliſſe
All workes externall, in the Trinity
Are one, though their internall haue variety.

Diuineſt *Pater-noſter!* whoſe one Word,
In it more heau'nly matter doth containe;
Than one whole hour's babbling can afford,
Suddaine abortiues of an idle braine:
With tedious turnings, repetitions vaine,
Out tumbling all that in their ſtomach lies,
Which often goe beyond this *Prayers* ſtraine,
As if they were more feruent or more wiſe,
Than he that for our *patterne* did it firſt deuiſe.

Pure

Pure *Prayer* made by ſerious *meditation*,
Or by this *holy patterne* rightly pend;
Briefe ſpirituall, ſublime ejaculation,
With feruent Fury doth to Heau'n aſcend,
And to the marke like ſwifteſt arrow tend:
God is in Heau'n, thou kneeleſt on the ground,
To him therefore no raſh petitions ſend;
Therein let *matter* more than *words* abound,
And inward *ſighs* and *groanes*, than outward *plaints* and ſound.

But *Prayer*; though by thy two mighty wings
Of *Loue*, and *Meeknesſe*, thou to Heau'n canſt ſore,
And come in preſence of the *King of Kings*,
By pard'ning wrongs, and giuing to the *poore*;
Preſume not on thy *merits* ere the more
That Brightneſſe who doth ſit vpon the Throne,
Angells not able are to ſtand before;
Alas how dar'ſt thou then there ſtand alone,
Without the *mediation* of the *Holy One*.

Like *birdlime merits*, ſo thy wings beſmeare,
That thou not able art to take thy ſlight
Aboue the Firmament, or to come neere
That euerſhining Lamp of Heau'nly Light;
Which ought thy *Prayers* to direct aright
In *Knowledge*, *Meeknesſe*, and *Humility*,
By which we feele and haue and inward ſight
Of our vnworthineſſe, and miſery,
And ſeeke elſe where, for worth and true felicity.

Eu'n to that *liuely Fountaine* of the *Lamb*,
Which is a deepe well, wondrouſly profound,
From which, by *Prayer*, breaking vp the dam,
We draw vp waters which doe there abound:
The depth of this *rich Well*, no Grace can ſound,
But feruent *Prayer*, when as *Shee* doth deſire
To coole her thirſt, with waters therein found,
wherewith if once we coole our thirſt, like Fire
The more we drinke thereof, the hotter's our deſire.

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Aylett, R.

An Oxes lowing, barking of a Dog,
Grunting of Swine, doth more the Lord delight;
Than *Prayers* which the World and Fleſh ſo clog,
They come not from vs with a Heart and Sprite,
And as no ſalue or medicine hath might,
To heale the wound which Iron doth containe:
So *Prayer* neuer profiteth that wight,
In whom Hypocriſie or guile remaine;
For theſe ſtill feſter deeper to the Patients paine.

God is our Soules Phyſitian, and know's beſt
What for her ſickneſſe is beſt remedy;
And therfore when we needfull things requeſt
Of him, for this our lifes neceſſitie,
He, better then his Patient, can deſcry
What is moſt fit to keepe him from the graue,
And cure him of his ſpirituall malady,
Wherefore when we receiue not what we craue,
We know *Chriſt* better know's, than we what need we haue.

Gods *word's* the *Sword*, whereby our Lord doth ſway
And rules his Church here as he is a King;
As *Prieſt*, he offers praiſes, and doth pray;
As *Prophet* he glad tidings vs doth bring,
Moſt wiſely teaching and admoniſhing:
Thus, *Aaron*-like, to God he doth preſent
Our *prayers*, *praiſes*, *tythes*, and *offering*,
(For *Aarons* Office *Chriſts* did repreſent)
And makes them giue to God an acceptable ſent.

Prayer is mans beſt fence, the Angells ioy,
The Deuills torture, Gods ſweet ſacrifice,
We by her meanes all bleſſings here enioy,
By *prayer* we obtaine here to be wiſe;
By *prayer* with th'Almighty we aduiſe,
By reading he doth anſwere vs againe;
But our *Lip-labour* he doth all deſpiſe,
Ah what doe then thoſe ſimple people gaine?
Which in a tongue vnknowne doe mutter praiers vaine.

Oh!

Oh! when the *Spirit* with vnderſtanding pray's,
And ev'n the Heart with ſighs and groanes vp ſends
To him that willing, able is alway's
Vs from Hell, Death and danger to defend:
Then, as a *Bullet* doth the *welkin* rend,
Blowne with the force of Powder and of Fire;
So doe our *Prayers* vp to Heau'n aſcend,
By Zeale and Force of ſpirituall deſire,
Where they of God obtaine all things they can require.

Moſes gain'ſt *Amalec* doth more preuaile
By *Prayer*, and by *holding vp his hands*,
Then mighty *Ioſuah*, though he doth aſſaile
Them with his ſtrong and moſt ſelected bands:
At *Ioſuahs* ſhort *ſweet Prayer* the *Sun* ſtill ſtands,
Till hee's auenged of his enemy's;
Eliſha all the Hoſt of God commands
Him to relieue in his neceſſity's,
Ev'n Fiery Horſe and Charrets keep him where he lies.

Prayer is able by plaine ſtrength to wring
From *hand-breadth Cloud*, an *Ocean* of *Raine*;
And Captiues out of *Babylon* to bring,
To worſhip in *Hieruſalem* againe.
The *Angell* ſtriv'd with *Iacob* but in vaine;
Without a Bleſſing he will not vnlooſe;
Zenacharibs whole Hoſt was ſpoyl'd and ſlaine,
By *Hezekias Prayer*: when we cloſe
With *God* by *Prayer*, we our holds muſt neuer looſe.

The *Rams-horns*, *Trumpets*, which ſeav'n Prieſts did blow,
Moſt liuely doe ſtrong *Prayer* repreſent;
Which with the peoples ſhout did ouerthrow
Proud walls of *Iericho*, to aſtoniſhment
Of all the wicked, that therein are pent:
This was the muſick *Aarons* ſonnes did ſound
With Trumpets, when to warre the people went;
When *Daniel* in Lyons Den was found,
True *Prayer* from their jawes him kept both ſafe and ſound.

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Aylett, R.

Tis not our words God lookes on, but the mind;
Not to the place, but to the true intent
In dungeon *Jeremy* did comfort find;
And *Job* vpon the dunghill takes content;
Three Children in the fiery Fornace pent,
Are heard, when *Praiſes* they to God doe ſing:
The *Thiefe* from *Croſſe* as gratefull *Prayers* ſent,
As from his *Temple Solomon* the King,
The *Hermits Cell* may oft as loud as *Steeple* ring.

Not that from *publike Prayer* I purloine,
Of which *Gods houſe* hath her denomination;
Where Prieſts and peoples hearts and voices ioyn,
To teare the *skies* with cryes and ſupplication:
Oh Force vnited of a Congregation!
In Gods owne *houſe of Prayer* gathered,
For *Praiſe*, *Petition*, or for *Deprecation*,
God nought denyeth ſo petitioned,
And wee thus from all euill are deliuered.

When *Peter* ſlept with chaines in priſon bound,
On each ſide Souldiers, Keepers at the doore,
The *Church* doth pray, though *hee* ſleepe faſt and ſound,
And *God him* looſed from his chaines therefore:
And when the Angell lighteth him before,
The Iron Gate opes of his owne accord:
Pauls, *Dauids*, *Samuells*, a thouſand more
Of *Prayers*, you may find vpon record,
All which may ſeem to bind toth' *Peace*, our angry Lord.

I all conclude with his moſt heav'nly one,
Who did in day's of his *Humility*;
With *loudeſt cry's in Spirit ſigh and groane*,
For Freedome of that dire calamity,
Which came on him for our Iniquitie:
And though he *Legions* could of *Angells* call,
To ſaue him from inhumane cruelty,
Yet Lamb-like did before his *Shearer* fall,
Submitting to his Fathers will and pleaſure all.

Without

Without vs, God will nothing for vs doe,
We therefore muſt prepare to fight alway;
And without God we can nor ſtand nor goe,
And therefore muſt be alwayes ſwift to *pray*:
If theſe ſo pray'd when Foes did them aſſay,
When *Fleſh* and *Bloud* with Fleſh and Bloud did fight;
What ſhall we in this dangerous great affray,
When we encounter with ſpirituall might,
Which in his Agony did *Chriſt* our Head affright.

But ah! we at our firſt conuerſion *pray*
Moſt feruently oft, for the nouelty,
But after negligent, cold ſleeping ſay
Our *Pater-noſter* in ſecurity:
Thou ſleep'ſt ſecure, but ah! thine Enemy
Doth watch thee thyn ev'n napping to ſurpriſe,
We then to God withall our hearts doe cry,
When as no thoughts withdraw vs otherwiſe;
Alas! but few or none pray often in this wiſe.

Oh! that a man of baſe and filthy mould,
Should dare fall downe before Gods glorious Throne,
His wants and imperfections to vnfold,
And haue his heart like *Nabals* dead as ſtone;
When *Angells* that come neere that holy One,
Are faine their face to couer with their wings;
So bright his Glorious Maieſty hath ſhowne,
Who is the *Lord of Lords*, and *King of Kings*;
The ſearcher of our reines, and tryer of all things.

When I no longer able am to fight,
Like *Moſes* let me lift vp hands and *pray*
Againſt the inuiſible *Amalekite*,
That ſpiritually doth ſeeke my ſoule to ſlay:
When I with *Faith*, two words, *Our Father*, ſay;
I pardon beg for Sin, Freedome from paine;
Gods *Heyre and Sonne*, *Chriſts Brother*, I that day;
Am made, and gifts of *Holy Ghoſt* doe gaine,
Then let me neuer mumble ouer words in vaine.

But

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Aylett, R.

But I confeſſe, though I doe often proue,
There is no comfort like this one, to *pray*;
That is beſtow'd on man from Heav'n aboue,
Yet find I Satan preſt and buſie ay,
Mee in this holy duty to aſſay,
By wandring Thoughts, and vaine imaginations,
Which oft doe lead my Mind ſo far aſtray,
I am bereau'd of Heav'nly cogitations,
And change for idle fancy's, holy meditations.

But Prayer doth ſo pleaſe my *Muſes* ſtraine,
That I omitted haue of *Praiſe* to ſing;
The *Sacrifice* we offer here againe,
For all the *Bounty* of our heav'nly King:
I liken her to *Prayers* either wing,
Forgiuing wrongs, and *Almes vnto the poore*
Our holy liuely ſpirituall Offering,
Of Body, Soule, Heart, Tongue, and all our ſtore,
With true Obedience to God for euermore.

Whilſt here of *Benefits* no end we find,
How ſhould we euer make an end of *praiſe*;
Oh happy Bands! that vs for euer bind,
Ev'n when our Soules and Body's *Chriſt* ſhall raiſe,
Our *praiſe* ſhall be eternall like our day's:
He that his time in *praiſe* and *hymnes* would ſpend,
I him referre to *Dauids* heav'nly Layes,
Diuinely by the holy Spirit, pend,
My *Muſe* now out of Breath, cannot this Mount aſcend.

Oh let my voyce and heart together ioyne!
God of the lips accepts not, but the heart;
Grant that my life in Holineſſe may ſhine,
That *Conſcience* may euer beare apart;
Preſumptuous man! that darſt thy Maker thwart,
To poure out fond *petitions* baſe and vaine,
When thou conſid'reſt before whom thou art,
Him that doth all leud *lying lips* diſdaine,
And *Hypocrites* rewardeth with infernall paine.

If *prayer* be right, pure, ſincere and meeke;
It neuer empty ſhall returne againe;
For God will either grant vs what we ſeeke,
Or giue vs that ſhall be our greater gaine:
Mine Heart, mine heart Lord! doth reioyce amaine,
Ay in thine Houſe of *Prayer* to abide;
Where Swallow's build, and Sparrow's are full faine
To lay their young ones by thine *Altars* ſide,
Mee neuer let the *Spirit* of *Prayer* be deny'd!

But ſince I ought to *pray* continually,
How ſhould my Pen of *Prayer* make an end;
My *Sauiour praying* on the Croſſe did dye;
With *Prayer Steuen* his Soule to Heav'n did ſend,
But I began with *Prayer*; let mee end
With *Praiſes* to the Horne of my Saluation,
Who ſure I hope his bleſſed *Spirit* did ſend,
To guide mee in this holy *Meditation*,
Which fills my Tongue with Praiſe, & Heart with Admiration.

FINIS.

100[illegible]
Aylett, R.

4

VRANIA,

OR

THE HEAVENLY

MUSE.

LONDON,
Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY.
1625.

1004ε
Aylett, R.

TO MY EVER HONORED FRIEND, M. IOHN MAYNARD, one of the Gentlemen of his Maiesties Priuie Chamber in Ordinarie.

MY deare Vrania *wilt thou now forsake*
My Cottage, *and to* Court *thy selfe betake?*
Dost hope thou there, *as* here *shalt find retire?*
I cannot but thy simplenesse admire.
But since thou needs wilt goe, I'le thee commend
vnto the Muses *most familiar Friend;*
Who (had not his great Princes *Loue and Grace*
Him brought from Muses Groues *to's* Royall place)
Might on his Front *haue worne thy* Crowne of Bays,
And beene the Prince of Poets *in his dayes.*
Hee'le leaue all profit, pleasure, honour gaine,
The heav'nly Muse *alone to entertaine;*
Oh happy Court! most blessed Courtiers yee,
That from the Muses Springs *transplanted bee,*
This 'tis makes Arts, and Learning so increase,
Hence followeth all our happinesse and Peace:
The Muses *needs must dance when* Courtiers *sing,*
All follow the example of the King.

Yours truly deuoted.

R. A.

VRANIA.

ABout the *Seaſon Lawyers* tongues doe reſt,
And make for * *Ceres* honour long vacation;
I (freed from tumults which me erſt oppreſt,) * *Harueſt.*
Diſpoſe my mind to holy Meditation:

And thinking how I might a *ſubiect* find,
Delightfull, pleaſing, ſweet and profitable;
My heart to better, and inrich my mind
And tongue acquaint, with Phraſes delectable.

As Traueller that meets with diuers wayes,
I long deliberate to chuſe the beſt
And faireſt Path to *Mount*, where *Lawrell Bayes*
The *Numbers* crowne that are diuinely dreſt.

One while I ſought in *meaſures Comicall*
To maske the *Graces* all vpon the *Stage*;
Or in a *Tragique Scene* vp *Ghoſts* to call
Of *Worthys* ſlaine by cruell *Tyrants* rage:

Anon I would the *Vnion* celebrate,
Which made a *Damaske Roſe* of Red and White,
The faireſt *Flower* of *Brittons* happy State;
Which *Roſes* then, now *Kingdomes* doth vnite.

I thought likewiſe to ſing that happy Peace
Our Iland-world enioyeth by this *Vnion*,
Which makes our honour, riches, ſtrength increaſe,
And haue with Heav'nly *Arts* ſuch free communion.

Then I th'admired Prudence would rehearſe
Of *Brittons Scepter-ſwaying Solomon*,
Matter which would immortalize a Verſe,
And ſaue ſuch *Splendour from* obliuion:

Prone was my fleſh the *winged wag* to ſing
Of wanton *Venus*, and her Bitter-ſweet,
That glads the *Taſt*, but doth the Bowells wring
For chaſter eares a Subiect far vnmeet.

Aylett, R.
1004ε

Whilſt wauering thus in fruitleſſe inquiſition,
Yet vnreſolv'd of any courſe I roue,
Behold I ſee an heav'nly *Apparition*,
Some *Herauld* doubtleſſe from the *Queene of Loue*;

Her geſture and her grace Angelicall,
With wings whereby her ſelfe to heav'n ſhee reares,
Her countenance faire, ſweet, celeſtiall,
Her voyce like Muſicke of the heav'nly Spheares.

A glorious Garland crown'd her golden head,
Bedeck'd with all the Flowers, ſweet, and gay,
That could on *Tempes Plaines* be gathered,
By *learned Siſters* in their faireſt *May*.

Immortall Flowers, which ſpring and flouriſh ay,
And ay their *verdure* and ſweet ſent retaine,
Like *heav'nly Arts*, which neuer doe decay,
But by their vſing greater glory gaine.

On ſhoulders hangs her *azure mantle* light,
With ſiluer ſpangles all adorned faire,
Twinkling like brighteſt Starres in froſty night,
As they are moued by the gentle aire:

Her nether parts to hide from vulgar eye
A Kirtle like *Heav'n Conopy* did couer;
Where all the *Signes* of Heav'n embroidred ſly,
And all the *Graces* ſeeme about to houer.

I, ſaith ſhee, am *Vrania* to thee ſent,
From thine adored *Miſtreſſe, Queene of Loue*;
I rauiſh Soules aboue the Firmament,
That they in *Numbers* like the Spheres may moue.

With *Siluer Key* I doe vnlocke the mind
Of *Mortalls* ſealed vp in Ignorance,
That oft their Soules aboue the Stars they find,
When Bodyes lye on ground as in a trance.

For I the *Spirit* am of *Contemplation*,
Th'*Ebxir* of *Ambroſia* diuine,
Pure *Angells food*, Soules ſweeteſt delectation,
The *Helicon*, where both the *Siſters nine*.

Art teacheth *Art*, *Experience Policy*,
And *Practice* guild's the tongue with *Eloquence*;
But none reach lofty straines of *Poesie*,
That haue them not by heav'nly influence.

Hence 'tis that Clerks which gaine immortall praise,
By their deepe learned Eloquence in *Prose*,
Their *numbers* cannot to such honour raise,
As one that scarce the Rules of Grammer knows:

It is beyond the reach of will or wit,
A holy *Flame* of *heav'nly Loues* pure fire,
A soaring, high, transcendent, furious fit,
Whose *Life*, *light*, *heate*, and strength loue doth inspire.

Loue's her Beginning, and her End is *Loue*,
Loue is the Soule, and Life of *Poesie*;
No Poeme without *Loue* did euer proue,
No more then Musicke without *Harmony*.

The *Loue* of Honour, and of Cheualry,
So rais'd the old blind Greeks Heroique quill; *Homer.*
Hee lifts *Achilles* valiant acts more high,
Than his that conquer'd all the world at will. *Alexander.*

The loue of Ciuill, and Self-gouernment
Him taught to frame such an exact *Vlisses*;
That hee who by this Patterne did inuent,
Roomes glorious author, such perfection misses. *Aeneas.*

Eglogues of Loue are *Muses* first delights, *Virgil.*
Till thorough *country pleasures* shee doth come,
To sing in state of *Honour*, *Armes*, and *Knights*,
And out of old *Troys* ashes raise vp *Rome*.

The *wanton*, all whose speeches were in Verse, *Ouid.*
Who sings in Fictions all *Dame natures* story;
In ev'ry sentence doth his *Loue* rehearse,
But ah base Lust obscureth all his glory.

So Loues old rigid *Cato* vertues lore,
He makes them dance the measures cunningly;
So loues *Lucretius Dame natures* store,
Hee turnes all *Pliny* into *Poetry*.

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And as the obiect of our Loue exceeds,
So ſtrikes the *Muſe* on high or lower ſtrings;
Who lowly late did maske in Shepheards weeds,
Spencer. In high Heroiques of *Armes*, and *Honour* ſings.

My *Darling Bartas*, who on *Angells* wings;
Beholds the Six Day's of the Worlds Creation,
Was ſo in loue with Heav'n and heauenly things,
Hee wholly on them fixt his Contemplation.

And wen he on the Seuenth Day comes to reſt,
He them all orders to his Makers Glory:
Doubtleſſe he fram'd a new world in his breſt,
Whereof he ſo Diuinely ſings the ſtory.

It was this heav'nly Loue that did incite,
Dauid. The warlike *Shepheard* ſuch ſweet notes to ſing,
His loue vnto Gods *Statutes* day and night,
Doe ſtrike ſo loud his Harpe and Violls ſtring.

And as *Wind-Inſtrument* to him repay's
That ſounds it ſweeteſt, muſicke, for his breath;
So ſings this Pſalmiſt *Hymnes*, and *Heav'nly Lay's*
To him that giues him *Spirit*, till his *Death*.

Oh heav'nly Muſicke, which, the rage could queſl
Of *Cis* his ſonne, poſſeſt with euill Spirit
Pure Hymns from God, ſweet mercy to compell,
When fouleſt Sins Hell-fire doe commerit.

Sweet *Shepheard*, when thou ſingeſt forth thy Flocks,
The *Angells* all admire thy heav'nly *Lay's*;
Thy muſicke moues, ſtones, trees, and ſenſleſſe ſtocks,
When thou diuin'ſt of Chriſts moſt happy day's.

Yet thoſe hands that ſo gently touch a ſtring,
Can Lyons, Beares, and Wolues in peeces teare;
And quell the proud Philiſtine with a ſling,
From whom the *Hoſt* of *Iſrael* runs for feare.

Loue at his birth him dandled in her Lap,
Whilſt all the *Graces Lullaby's* doe ſing;
Shee fed him with *Ambroſia* for Pap,
And rais'd him from a *Shepheard* to a *King*.

And thou my Sonne, although thy *Breath* be faint;
I cannot but commend thy good desire,
With their diuine *Essays* thy *Muse* acquaint;
Which may be fewell to thy heav'nly fire.

Yet though thou straine *Inuention*, *Art*, and wits,
And fills thy Verses with thy wisest *Says*,
They shall not liue, except some holy fits,
Thy Soule aboue the Heav'ns bright *Tapers* raise.

Thy *Soule* whose *Beeing* is Celestiall fire,
Must like the *Saints* be rapt vp in a trance;
And *extased* with holiest desire,
If thou thy Verse wouldst vp to *Heav'n* aduance.

For as none but the Spirit of a man,
The secrets of that *Spirit* can disclose;
So none attaine sublimest numbers can,
Except a holy *Fury* them compose.

And as no *Actor* well can play the *King*,
That is not one in his imagination:
So none can *Vertues* pure *Ideas* sing,
That suits his mind not to his meditation.

Poets are like to *Organs* sounding shrill
With fingers touch, so long as they be full:
But as on empty ones; in vaine's our skill,
Ev'n so are Verses, without *Fury*, dull.

And as none on the Harpe sweet tunes can sound,
Till hee by Art hath set in Tune each string;
So none high-rapted numbers can compound,
Till's soule be tun'd by spheare-like rauishing.

Sith then to *Numbers life* from Heav'n is sent,
Oh rarest *Spirits!* how dare you abuse
Them, to dishonour him, who hath them lent
To's Glory, and your *Chast delight* to vse?

Shall your *diuinest* spirits stoupe so low,
To make your-selues base slaues to Lust and Sin;
And let your pure *Pyrenean Fountaines* flow
In stinking *Channells* all defil'd within.

Aylett, R. 1004ε

Still will you fawne on *Fooles*, and *Greatneſſe* flatter?
And fill the world with wanton idle groanes?
Still ſhall your *Muſe* like Pyes this one ſong chatter,
Of Luſt, which brings corruption to the bones?

Iſt not enough you burne in luſtfull flame,
Except you eke corrupt youth prone to vice?
And *ſtrumpet*-like hang out your *ſignes of ſhame*,
The *Paſſengers* to folly to intice?

For numbers, notes, and tunes ſuch power haue,
They ſooneſt on the nobleſt Spirits ſeaze;
Whereon they doe their formes and ſounds engraue;
As Seales on wax imprinted are with eaſe.

And that's the Reaſon, graue and wiſer *Sages*,
Haue baniſh't from their *coaſts* laſciuious rymes,
When *Poets* chaſt and vertuous in all ages,
Haue beene as *Prieſts* and *Prophets* in their times.

Would you the *Genius* of your *Fury* raiſe,
And change your *fleſhly* to *ſpirituall Flame*,
Such matter would immortalize your praiſe
And leaue behind you a moſt honour'd name.

Your *Verſe* would be admir'd, you honoured
As *Secretarys* to the *King* of *Kings*,
For firſt the *Prophets* words thus numbered,
To handle *myſtery's* and *holy things*.

Thus *Dauid* all his *Pſalmes* by *meaſure ſings*,
Moſes the freedome from *Egyptian* thrall,
And *Miriam* vpon a Timbrell rings
Gods Praiſes; *Iudith* the *Aſſirians* fall.

They ſang for Ioy, but *Iob*, and *Jeremy*
Sing, when they with *afflictions* moſt are preſt;
A *Nunc Dimittis* was the *Poeſie*
The Swan-like *Simeon* warbled in his breſt:

Magnificat the bleſſed *Virgin* ſings;
The *Angells*, Glory ſing to God on high:
And *Martyrs*, bound to ſtakes with Iron ſtrings
Sing Praiſes whilſt in *Flames* their Body's fry.

So burnes their *zealous heate* of *Loues* pure fire,
They feele no outward for the inward flame:
So long as they haue *Bowells* to respire
They neuer cease to praise Gods holy name:

But he that seemes an *Angell* of the light,
More easie *children* of the *light* t'abuse,
In Verse doth also his *deluſions* write,
And for his *Oracles* did numbers chuse:

And for he know's that *Loues* pure heav'nly fire,
Is that by which we Gods whole Law fulfill;
His *Prophets* all must chant of Lusts desire,
And make great *Ioue* be rul'd by *Cupids* will.

Thus bloud corrupt th'inchanter doth instill
With lustfull *Fire* to scal'd youths hotter veines;
And poisons with this *Copperis* the quill
Of Heathen *Poets*, in their gentle straines.

Who to make more authenticke Ribauldry,
Doe faigne their *Gods* therein to take delight,
Where though they *Natures secrets* wittily
Oft vaile! yet thus to Lust they youth inuite.

I know in first pure streames of *Poesie*,
The *Muses Bath* was chast as *Pheebes shrine*,
The Virgin Graces, *Ioues* chast progeny,
And *Pallas* chast, and vertuous, as diuine.

Venus was then with *Almas* title graced,
And lov'd her *Spouse* plaine *Vultan*, *Mars* scarce knew:
Whom though shee oft in nuptiall bed imbraced,
Twas not for wanton pleasure but for due.

This *Poetry*, my Sonnes, reuiv'd againe,
To mortalls would restore the golden times,
And for your Brow's immortall Lawrells gaine,
And to their ancient honour raise your *Rimes*.

But *Satan* since another patterne set,
Which he would haue all his to imitate;
And like a Fowler draweth to his Net
Poore Birds with merry notes and pleasing *Bait*.

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But thou that seek'st *Gods Glory*, not thine owne,
And striv'st to quench, not quicken lustfull *Flame*;
Chuse these diuine ensamples I haue shown,
And guild not with faire words the foulest shame.

When thou do'st feele *Loue's Fury* in thy breast,
What better theame or matter canst thou take;
Than sing his *Loue* who *Heav'n* and *Earth* possest,
Yet here himselfe for *Loue* a *Slaue* did make.

The *Loue* betweene the *Bridgroome* and his *Deare*,
Were matter to immortalize a Song:
No Man or Angell euer yet did heare
Diuiner Musicke from a mortall tongue.

This is a deepe, broad, boundlesse Ocean;
A high *Pernassus* of sweet *Meditation*;
No holy Fury diue the bottome can,
Nor reach the height thereof by *contemplation*.

Soule-rapting Tunes: when *Turtles* voyce doth sound
The *Songs* of *Sion*, in a *Holy Land*.
Sweet accents, making Hills and Mountaines bound,
And *Cedars* of the *Forrest* trembling stand.

This better will thy heart; enrich thy mind;
Here profit thou shalt reape with sweet delight.
Here thou refreshing *Nectar*-streames shalt find,
To coole thy thirst, and cleare thy dimmer sight.

For thus thou safely maist enioy delight,
The pleasure which shall last for euermore;
Vaine Worldly *Pleasures* leaue men ere their night,
But when the iudgement comes, they run before.

These heav'nly precepts sweetned by her voyce,
So rauished my Soule with delectation:
My *Muse* at quiet since doth sole reioyce,
And take delight in heav'nly contemplation.

And though I neuer hope to touch with hand,
Much lesse my head with *Lawrell Bough* adorne,
May I yet mine owne Passions thus command
My Cost and Tilt's short of my Crop of Corne.

FINIS.

The Authors

Vow or wish, at the Consecration of a Chappell newly founded by the Right Honorable WILLIAM Lord *Maynard*, at his House in *Eston* in *Essex*.

LEt others heape vp Titles, Lands, *and* store,
Their names on earth, *for euer to maintaine!*
Thou *to thy* house *dost* surer honour *gaine*,
By adding of this Consecrated Floore:
Where Thou *and* Thine *may euer him adore*
That Proud *throw's downe, and* Humble *men doth raise*,
Thy Father *built the* Palace *in his day's*,
But leaues Gods house *vnto his* prudent Sonne;
Who Numa-*like now plants* Religion,
Where Romulus *the first* Foundation *lay's*.

This Leauen *makes the whole* Lump *to endure*,
Shis Salt *to* Thee *and* Thine *shall season all*,
And 'gainst thy Foes *shall be a* Brasen Wall:
This shall Thee waking *keepe most safe and sure*,
And nigh this Altar *thou shalt* sleepe *secure*:
By this Thy Honour *ay continue shall*,
And Blessed make Thy Names memoriall:
(*Alas!* this worlds *vaine, seeming*, glittring Glory
Is lubrike, full of hazard, transitory)
What's built on this Foundation *cannot fall*.

So long as Sions Temple's *vndefil'd*,
The line *of* Dauid *doth the* Scepter *sway*;
But suddenly are captiue *led away*,
When Altars *they with* Idols *had defil'd*;
Wherefore they wise did Gods house *rebuild*,
When out of Babylon *they were translated*:
Then since Thou *wisely hast determinated*
Thine House *and* Honour *by* Gods Church *to raise*;
Hee Blissings *send, so long as* You *him* praise,
So may both stand for ay vnruinated!

Be it like Sions Mount *inaugurated*,
Which is by Sions MOVNTAIGNE *Consecrated!*

Aylett, R.
1004a

10042 Aylett, R.

The Muses Health,

To the Right Honourable, WILLIAM, Lord *Maynard*, at the Conſecration of his Chappell at *Eſton* Lodge in *Eſſex*.

THis building thus adorn'd, and rais'd in ſtate,
Shall now be made a Chappell conſecrate:
Embleme of *Adam*, whom as God did rowle
First vp in clay, next breath'd a liuing ſoule,
So to theſe faire materialls preparation,
A Spirit ſhall be giuen by Conſecration:
Not ſtol'n from *Iupiter*, (as ports tell
Prometheus did, for which he hangs in Hell:)
Nor yet a *ſparke* of *ſtrange* or *common fire*,
Which brought on *Aarons* ſonnes conſuming ire;
But *coales* on *Gods owne Altar* kindled,
By right ſucceſſion to vs foſtered:
The ſum is, that, the *Biſhop* doth inſpire
Into this *Edifice* an *holy fire*;
A *liuing flame*, which neuer ſhall goe out,
So long as they, which tend it are deuout;
But aye, thereby ſhall ſafe and quiet reſt,
As *ſwallowes* which beſides is build their neſt.
Oh may this fire within theſe walls indure,
So long as *Neptunes* waues this *Ile* immure:
And as from *Mountaines* comes that wholeſome breath,
Which healthfull makes the *Valleys* all beneath:
So from this * MONTAIGNE health come and ſaluation,
Vnto the Founder, and his generation:
Let Prophets, Prieſts, in Prayers all combine
To make this Houſe a Bliſſe to Thee and Thine:
And when by their deuotions ioy'nd, this *flame*
Is kindled; let thy *Prieſts* maintaine the ſame
And offer vp thy prayers day and night,
Like *fumes of Incenſe*, in th'Almighties ſight;
Oh *force vnited*, of a *Congregation*
That ioyne in prayer at a *Conſecration*;
With theſe my *Muſe* (now thine) ſhall beare a part,
And whilſt they pray by booke, ſhee'le pray by hart.

FINIS.

* Biſhop *Montaigne*

THE CONVERTS CONQVEST.

PSAL. 119. V. *Ultimo.*

I haue gone astray like a sheepe that is lost: oh seeke thy seruant, for I doe not forget thy Commandements.

LONDON,
Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY.
1625.

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Aylett, R.

TO
THE MOST SINCERELY, RELIGIOVS, AND TRVLY Vertuous: Mistresse SARAH ARGAL, Wife to IOHN ARGAL of *Badew* Esquire.

LEast I be deem'd a thiefe, I will disclose;
I turn'd to Verse *what you gaue me in* Prose:
In so few lines I neuer yet did find
More heav'nly Comforts to a grieued mind:
Mans sinfull Heart, Hells Malice, Grace diuine,
Is intermixed so in ev'ry Line.
I praise God, I this speake with feeling Sense,
God grant the Reader *like experience!*
Good publish't, doth more good, by being knowne,
Wherein I seeke Gods glory, *not mine owne:*
Of Reading *and of* Writing's *but one end,*
Repent, beleeue, forsake Sinne *and* amend.

Your true vnfeigned Friend,

R. A.

THE CONVERTS CONQVEST.

A Certaine *Chriſtian* which had often bin
Tempted, and by his weakneſſe ouertaken
To his great ſorrow, with one ſelfe ſame ſin,
At laſt ſate downe as if he were forſaken;
Where of ſins bondage firſt he doth complaine,
And then himſelfe thus comforteth againe:
From my all-ſeeing God I cannot flye,
Still in my loathed ſins I may not lye;
Yet ought I not of mercy to deſpaire,
Yet dare I not for Grace to God repaire!
Pray would I, but I cannot it intend;
Repent I doe, but not my life amend:
I to beleeue deſirous am, yet doubt,
In this lewd wicked cuſtome holding out;
God is by me diſhonoured, whilſt I
Profeſſe to ſerue him true and faithfully:
Diſples'd, whilſt I prouoke him to his face;
Both griev'd and quenched is his Spirit of *Grace*;
His *Graces* I abated, withered, find,
My ſenſe benum'd; beſotted is my mind,
My memory dull'd, more ſtrong grows *Satans* dart,
My Soule's aduentred, hardned is my hart;
I grow in Sin rich, poore in Goodneſſe, Grace,
My head's vex'd, Conſcience is in wofull caſe;
My calling ſtain'd, crack'd credit, Time miſpended,
My ſtrength conſum'd, and my God offended:
As doth my ſin, my burthen doth increaſe;
My pain's inlarged, troubled is my peace.
I ſigh, but ſorrow not aright, would faine
Be rid of it, but ſoone returne againe:
I grieue, not weepe; Lord! could I from it part,
Forſake, confeſſe it with a broken hart.
How farre aduenture, Lord! how long ſhall I
Dare to prouoke thy powerfull Maieſty?

How

How long ſhall he forbeare? how often might
He cut mee off? Or ſuddenly dead ſmite?
How long ſhall hee chaſtiſe mee, yet in vaine?
At length, *O Lord*, be mercifull againe:
Oh tarry not, *Lord*, tarry not too long,
But make my reſolution firme and ſtrong.
Oh loathſomeneſſe, deceitfulneſſe of ſin,
Sweetneſſe, and bitterneſſe wee find therein;
Beginnings, fawnings, growing, terrour, ſmart,
Faiths weakeneſſe; *Satans* enuy, *Mans* falſe heart:
When ſhall I now theſe? Oh that I could know
Them better, Lord! by farre than yet I doe:
Yet wiſh (though much aſham'd thus to be tainted)
I were not as I am with them acquainted.
What ſhall I doe? Goe on! Nay, God defend!
Shall I retire? Stand idle? Not amend?
Shall I deſpaire? Why ſo? Haue my ſins quite
Dride vp Gods mercies which are infinite?
Such thing to thinke, were curſed Blaſphemy,
Who ſuccours all that are in miſery:
Will not God heare what I in *Faith* deſire?
Humbled with Griefe? Then make I him a Lier.
Shall I preſume yet longer? Ah I haue
Preſum'd too much: Oh let mee mercy craue,
By true Repentance, and abundant teares;
What is thy heart ſo harden'd, as it feares
It neuer can be mollify'd againe?
Then Gods Omnipotence thou doſt reſtraine:
What? Hath this thing without God come to paſſe?
Hath *Satan* got the Victory? Alas!
Is not th'Almightie far more ſtrong than hee?
Hath not my Lord, *Chriſt Jeſus* dy'd for mee?
Hath God ere lov'd thee? Sure hee once me lov'd,
For then I it by good experience prov'd;
Then Loues he ſtill, for where he doth begin
Hee loues for euer, and his gifts haue bin
Without Repentance: hee for mee deſtry'd
And vanquiſht Death, Sin, Satan when he dy'd.

O Lord

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O Lord encreaſe my faith, why ſhould not I
Beleeue in him, obey him willingly?
How faine would I beleeue, and him obay;
How faine would I repent, amend, and pray:
I cannot then conclude, nor will, nor dare,
That I am damn'd, for theſe deſires ſure are
The motions of Gods Spirit in mee indeed;
Who neither ſmoaking flax, nor bruiſed reed
Will quench, or breake, But all will ſatisfie
Who thirſt and hunger after equitie.
Bliſt euer be his name who hath begun,
To make me Conqueror through Chriſt his Sonne.
By his aſſiſtance gracious, then I Vow
To ſerue God better then I haue, till now,
On his beheſts more carefully attend,
Thy Grace mee ſtrengthen, as a ſheild defend.
Satan auoid, thou haſt in mee no part,
From the beginning thou a Liar art;
Before and after mine, in *Adams* fall,
Thou to deceiue mee practiſeſt in all:
But God is true, iuſt, mercifull to mee
In Jeſus Chriſt his bleſſed Sonne and *hee*,
For honour of his Name and Maieſty,
Will doe away all mine iniquitie:
So as the ſiftings here of *Satan* ſhall
Not turne to my deſtruction; But they all
Gods Grace in mee ſhall further magnifie
And bind mee to him more aſſuredly;
More hee forgiues, the greater is his grace,
Him faſter we with Loue in Chriſt imbrace.
Henceforth my ſoule remember well, what gaine
Thou reaped haſt, and oft maiſt reape againe,
By that whereof thou iuſtly art aſhamed,
For which thy Name and Conſcience now is blamed.
Reſtore me to the Ioy of thy Saluation,
Which better is then ioyes continuation;
For by the want, the worth diſcerne we may,
And be ſtirr'd vp more earneſtly to pray.

F I N I S.

Lord

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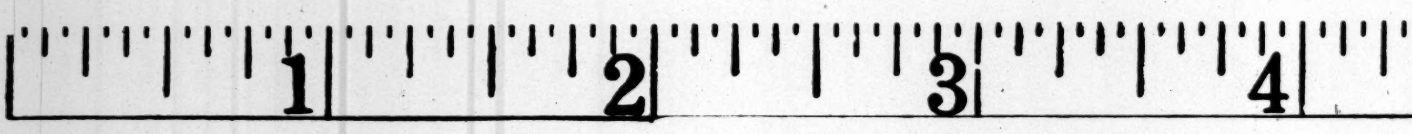

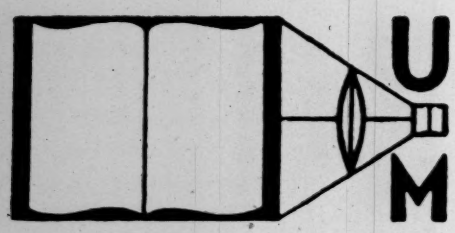

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